

# Saint Andrew's College Review



Easter  
1932

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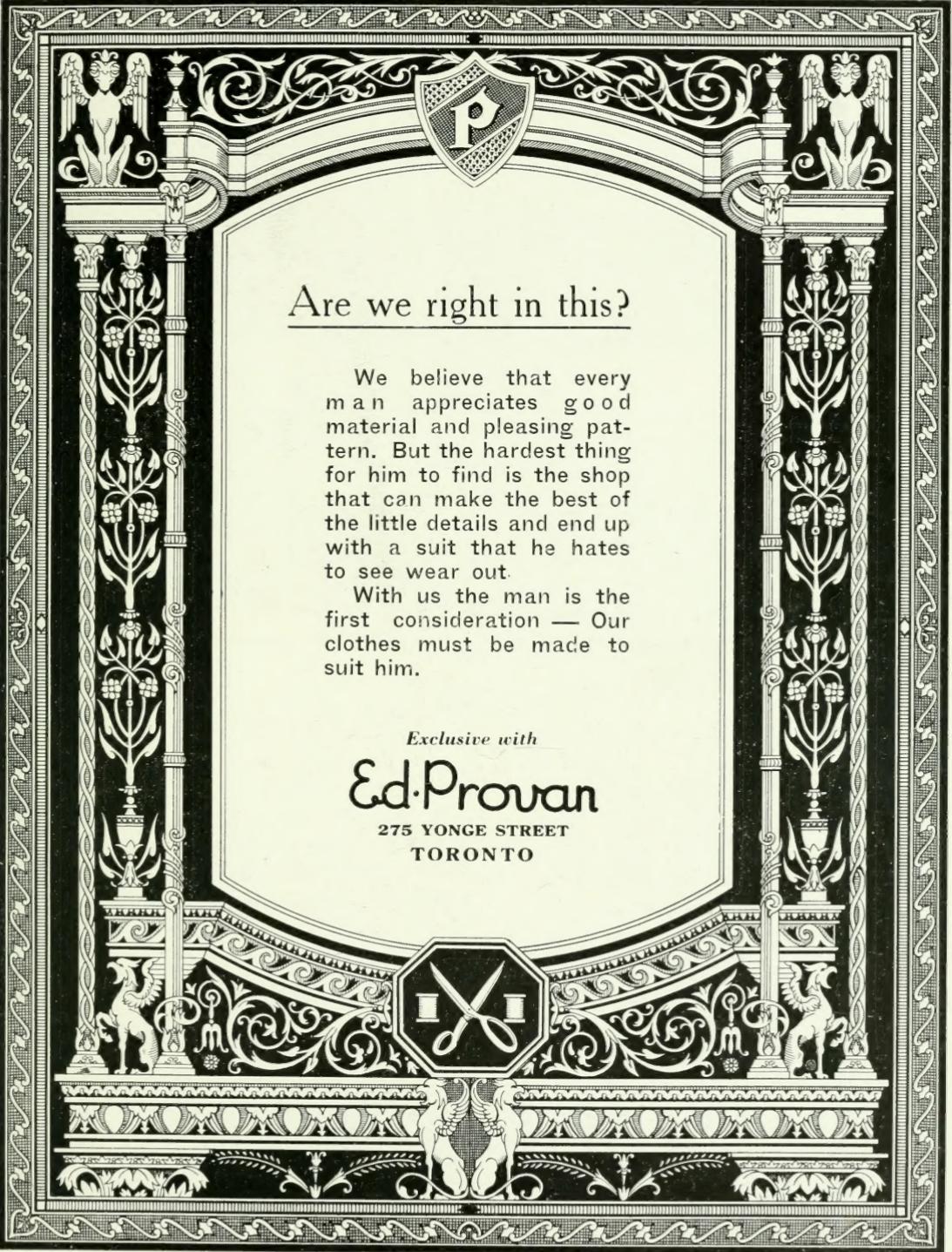
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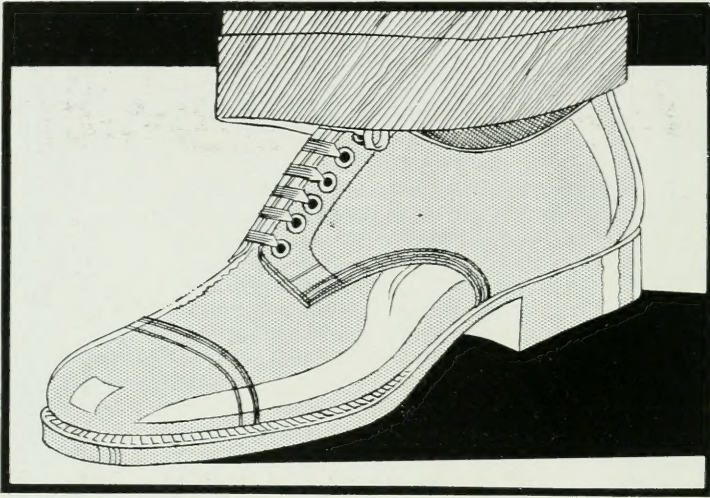
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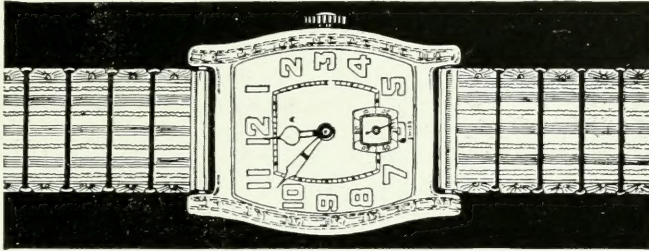


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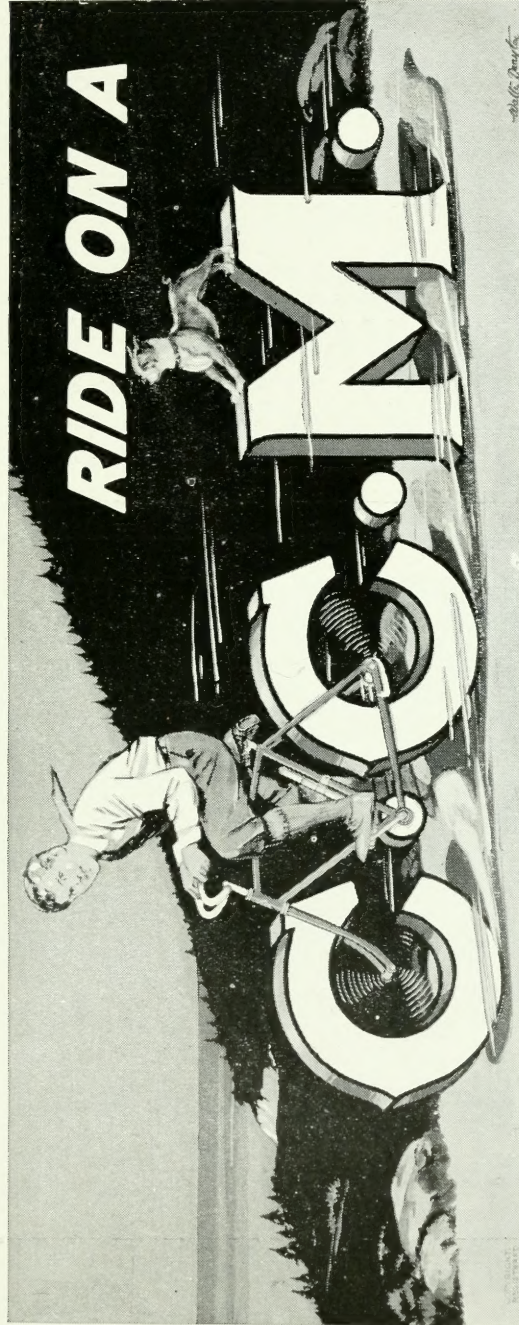
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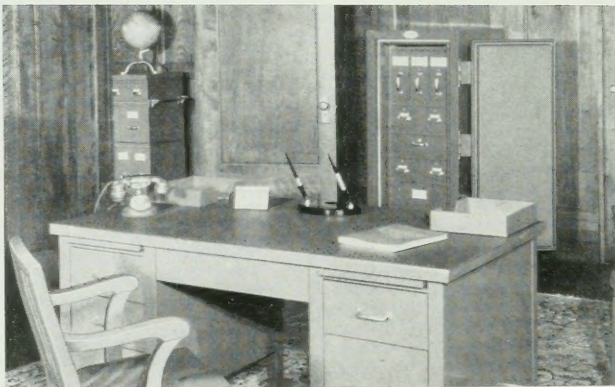
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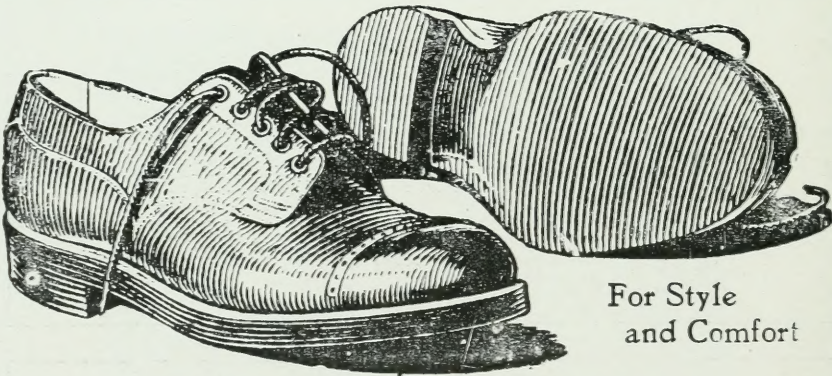
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



## Easter 1932

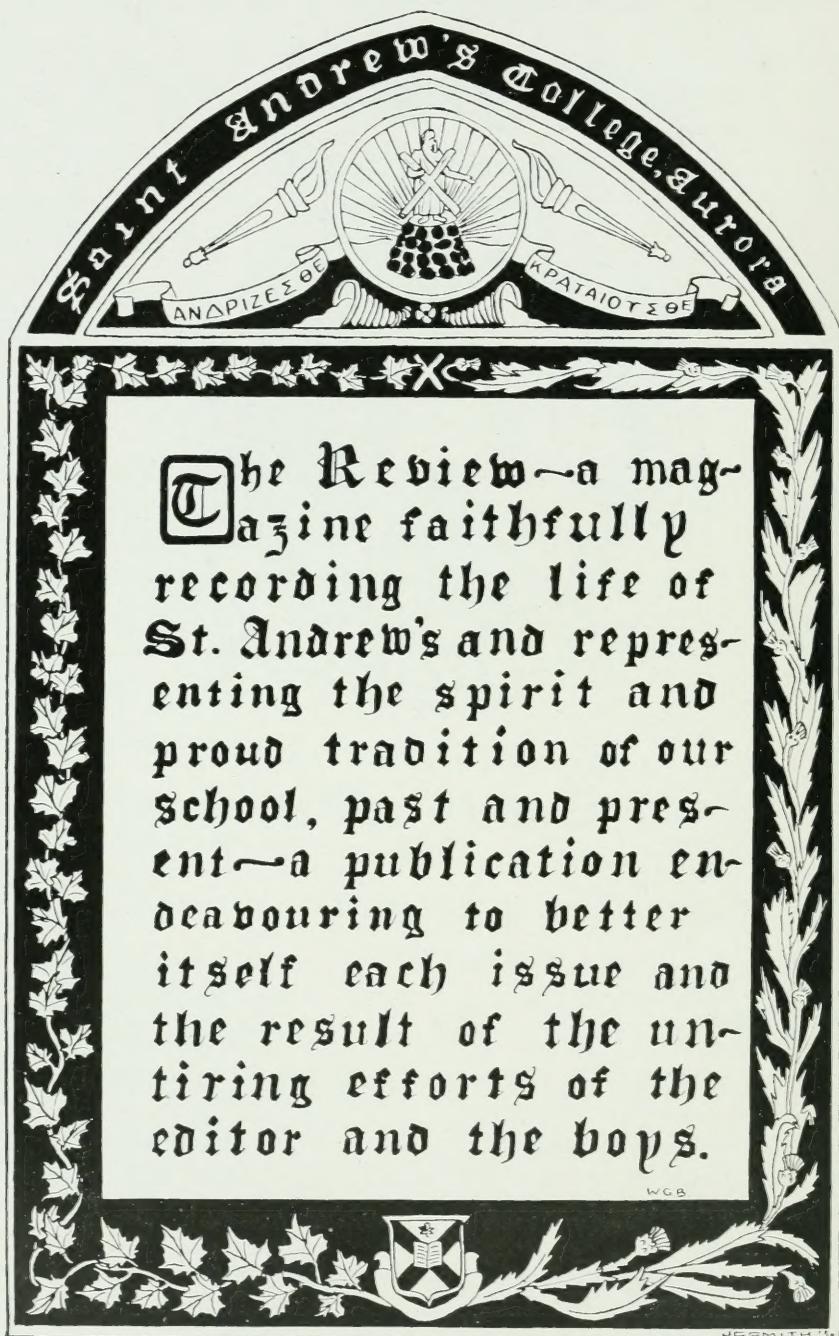
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WCB

JCSMITH

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THE LATE LADY FLAVELLE

# St. Andrew's College Review

Easter, 1932

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## Editorial

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### LADY FLAVELLE

ALL hearts at the school were sorrowful when it was learned that Lady Flavelle had passed away on February 8th, 1932. As we went about our daily occupations, and saw the flag flying at half-mast in token of our mourning, we realized that the school had lost a very good and a very dear friend, and that the Chairman of the Board was passing through deep waters. Always interested in the school, gracious, kindly and affectionate as she was to all the boys on the occasions of her visits, and ever ready quietly to assist where she could do so, we had come to feel that she belonged to us.

Lady Flavelle's sympathetic interest in the welfare of others brought her within the circumferences of numerous and varied circles, for she helped in many things. Widely is she mourned and much missed by those who are concerned with the good deeds which touch men's hearts. Called upon to move in high places and to be busied with many things, with serenity she met life's demands, even under the burden of ill health, until she came to the end in peace, never having lost the simplicity of true gentleness. A great, a good, a gentle lady has departed to leave with those who were privileged to know her a fragrant memory of quiet Christian virtue.

In her passing we feel that we have lost one of our own. To the Chairman of our Board, who has been separated from his life's companion, THE REVIEW can but inadequately express the very deep sympathy of Masters, Boys, and Old Boys in the great loss he has sustained.

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PERHAPS you often wonder why Editorials are written; so do we. But as it is customary, we hereby, literally, take up our pen and write. Due to the very unusual winter, this term has been very disappointing to everyone of us. The lack of ice discouraged any hopes of hockey success. The First Team sacrificed a great many things to practise in Toronto twice a week. This, you can well understand, was a heavy strain and gave the team no real foundation of experience. The younger teams saw ice twice and consequently hockey was more or less of a myth to them. The ski-race, of course, could not be held and altogether out-door sports were at a standstill. The gymnasium display, which up to now has been an annual attraction, had to be done away with, in view of the shortness of the term and in order to give the boys more time to prepare for the Assault-at-Arms. All around, the term has been rather disappointing.

A few days ago we received a very interesting account of an English Public from J. S. A. Humphries of Canford School, Wimborne, England. The article is printed in this issue of THE REVIEW.

EDITOR-GENERAL

### FEBRUARY THAW

The sky above is colourless, and cold.  
 The woods below are silent, damp, and still,  
 Wrapped in expectant hush, which seems to hold  
 A promise for the new return, and thrill  
 Of Spring, the resurrection of God's earth,  
 When trees, now stripped, burst forth anew,  
 When robins trill in floods of joyous mirth,  
 And nature turns to meet the morning dew.

On distant hills patches of dull grey snow,  
 Long lingering, unwarned of the retreat  
 Of Winter's legions, now refuse to go,  
 And stoically defy the subtle threat  
 Of balmy air, and moistly pregnant earth.  
 From far away, a crow, in hoarse lament  
 Proclaims to echoing heavens that the birth  
 Of Spring, God's miracle, is imminent.

T. E. HETHRINGTON, FORM IV.

## The Heart of Scotland

It is evening. Away to the north-west, the dim outline of the Trossachs fades into the blood-red of the evening sky. A few pale stars, set high in the grey blue of the oncoming night, glimmer faintly.

The heathery moors slope down to the green valley below, through which, bordered by copses of silvery birch, ambles the Tweed, its placid waters reflecting the crimson glory of the sky.

From somewhere in the rolling hills of deep purple, a thin spiral of grey smoke hangs motionless on the still air. The barking of a dog in the distant valley echoes in the hush of evening, a white mist rolls in creamy billows up from the river, the bloody sky merges into dark blue, and the stars glitter above the silent hills. It is night.

What is that crouching against the sky? A stunted tree perhaps, nothing more. Is it a trick of the imagination, a night breeze rustling in the spruce trees, or are there figures watching on the rugged hillside? Grim determined figures in blood stained plaids, waiting.

The ghastly moon glides silently across the hills, its light throwing white bars of eerie radiance on the moors. What was that flicker? Naked steel? Hark! The sound of muffled hooves! Who rides the borderlands at night? The sound is closer, it is coming from the valley below.

The moon sails out from behind a wisp of cloud, and gleams on helmets and breastplates. The King's Dragoons! Twenty of them. James is a fool to force the proud Scottish to accept his religion!

Ahead rises slowly from the heather, then another a little to the right of it, on come the cavalry, heedless, unsuspecting.

A movement in the heather, someone is breathing fast. Suddenly a wild blood-curdling yell shatters the tense stillness! The moor is alive with a charging mass of Gaelic fury! The dark horde sweeps down across the hillside, claymores flashing in the white moonlight! The horses are rearing, the men in wild confusion, a sharp command rings out above the din of clashing steel and yelling men. A figure topples from its mount, and is trampled in the bloody heather, the horse, now riderless, turns in panic and gallops furiously down the glen, neighing in terror as it goes. The clamour subsides, here and there figures grapple silently in death, and the heather is stained with the blood of Celt and Saxon.

Groups of men trudge back up the purple moor; some are carrying limp forms, arms dangling loosely from their sides. The little company blend into the night, from whence they came.

An eerie quiet pervades all, but wait! From the shadowy hillside a groan is borne faintly to the ear; there it is again! Look!

Someone is trying to raise himself on one elbow—again that cry of anguish!—then the figure goes limp and crumples on the heather.

The wind is moaning in the trees, birds twitter in the branches, a hawk wheels in lazy circles overhead, somewhere a cock crows, and a lamb bleats on a distant hill. The stars are paling in the east.

It is dawn.

The borderland, that picturesque rolling country with its rugged scenery, so different from the neat hedges of England to the south, has been immortalized by Sir Walter Scott, greatest of all Scottish authors and historians.

Although they are not now the scenes of raids and feuds, as in the days gone by, yet you feel that they are sleeping with one eye open, the spirit of yesterday haunts them. Bounded by historic Edinburgh on the north, and the sea port of Carlisle on the south, they form fifty miles of the most famous country in Scottish history.

On their heathery slopes and in their green valleys linger the ghosts of the Percys and Douglasses, Robert Bruce, and a thousand others, kings and soldiers, lords and ladies, peasants and bards; and over all, broods the spirit of the saddest, yet most romantic queen in history, who rode through them in haste, after her escape from Lochleven Castle one memorable March night, toward her ill fated death at the hands of her cousin, Elizabeth of England.

Scott has preserved for us, all the excitement and romance associated with this battle ground of English and Scots for over six centuries. Many ancient legends are connected with the country surrounding Abbotsford, Scott's turreted mansion on the banks of the Tweed.

One of the most popular of these is to the effect that there once lived, in the little village of Earlston, a man named Thomas of Ercildoune, who took a great delight in fishing. One fine day he was pursuing this interesting pastime on the edge of a small stream called the Bogle Burn, when, in the words of the ballad, "A ladye bright in a shirt of grass green silk," came riding up to him on a milk white horse, stated that she was the Queen of Fairyland, and dared him to kiss her.

*"Harp and carp, Thomas" she said,  
"Harp and carp along wi'me;  
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
Sure of your bodie I will be."*

Thomas, like any other true Scotsman, immediately kissed her, and was whisked away to Fairyland, for seven years.

At the end of this time, Thomas decided that he would like to return to Scotland; the queen granted his request and endowed him with a tongue that could never lie.

Once back in Scotland, Thomas was not altogether satisfied with his doubtful blessing, which caused him a good deal of embarrassment, and one night when he was having dinner, a messenger came in, and informed him that a hart and a hind had come out of the forest, and were walking down the village street together. Much to the astonishment of his guests, Thomas got up from the table and went out. He was last seen walking down the road, and into the forest between the hart and the hind. Perhaps the queen decided she wanted him back again, who knows?

There are many of these legends in the folk lore of the Scots but all of them are not so breezy as the above; many concern witches and warlocks and ancient curses. Such an one is built around the ghostly pile of ruined Melrose Abbey. Scott describes it in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Melrose Abbey is one of the five abbeys built in the seventh century by the monks from Iona; the original building was destroyed during the rampage of William the Conqueror, and the present ruins date from 1136. Many times in subsequent Scottish history it was raided and pillaged by the English. In 1545 Henry VIII took everything worth taking in the way of silver plate, stained glass, and tiles. And so only a part of the north transept remains with a roof.

Although it is now only an ivy covered ruin, standing like a gaunt memory on a little knoll beside the Tweed, it still retains something of its old beauty and grandeur. An air of venerable decay hovers over its ruined arches, and moss covered stones and its rugged surroundings form the back ground of the weird story woven about it by Sir Walter Scott.

In the thirteenth century the Lord of Branksome castle was slain in a battle with a neighbouring baron. His wife, instead of sorrowing for him, thought only of revenge. She lived only to see the day when her infant son would be able to avenge his father's death; and to make matters worse, her daughter had fallen in love with one of the retainers of her husband's slayer. In desperation over this turn of events, she remembered that her father, Michael Scott, had been a powerful wizard and sorcerer, and, when on his death bed, had repented himself of his evil deeds, and had decreed that his great book of Magic should be buried with him beneath the high altar of Melrose Abbey, so that humans should nevermore be able to do the terrible things which he had done, and only on the direst necessity of the House of Branksome, should it be again be brought to light.

The description of how stout William of Deloraine essayed to visit the tomb of Michael Scott in the Abbey, at midnight, and to bring back the magic book, is vividly set down in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:

*"With beating heart to the task he went;  
His sinewy frame o'er the grave stone bent;  
With bar of iron he heaved amain,  
Till the toil drops fell from his brows, like rain.*

*It was by dint of passing strength,  
That he moved the massy stone at length.  
I would you had been there, to see  
How the light burst forth so gloriously,  
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,—"*

The light which Scott refers to was a celestial radiance, which protected the dead man's soul from the assembled fiends.

When the grave had been opened, the poem goes on to say:

*"Before his eyes the Wizard lay,  
As if he had not been dead a day.  
His hoary beard in silver roll'd,  
He seemed some seventy winters old;—"*

And:

*"High and majestic was his look,  
At which the fellest fiends had shook,  
And all unruffled was his face:  
He trusted his soul had gotten grace.—"*

Further:

*"Then Deloraine, in terror, took  
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,  
With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound:  
He thought as he took it, the dead man frown'd;  
But the glare of the sepulchral light,  
Perchance, had dazzled the warrior's sight.*

What happened after the knight had recovered from Melrose Abbey the magic book, though fraught with excitement and horror, would fill many pages, and could not be attempted here. During the day Old Melrose sleeps an enchanted sleep, but I am sure that at night its cloisters echo with the laughter of fiends, and a ghostly light plays about the High Altar.

Of the five abbeys scattered throughout the Borderlands, Dryburgh is the most beautiful; it lies in a loop of the Tweed, and that broad stream flows peacefully on two sides of it. Around its ruined walls rise gigantic cedars which were brought back from Lebanon by the Scottish crusaders. Dryburgh is the very soul of the Lowlands, for here, in the ruined nave, under the shadow of a magnificent English yew over seven hundred years old lie the mortal remains of the man whose memory will live, and be

kept young, as long as the hills of heather that he loved so dearly, remain—Walter Scott. A simple stone marks his resting place.

By the side of Scott's tomb, is a plain wooden cross from a cemetery in Flanders. On the mound in front of it grows a little row of poppies, and on the aluminium plate on the cross is the inscription:

*Douglas Haig, 1846-1928.*

Over Dryburgh lies an indescribable air of peace; the trees murmur, the bees buzz among the flowers, and the ancient and knowing Tweed ripples on its way to the North Sea.

I am sure that this is somewhere near the Heart of Scotland.

T. E. HETHRINGTON, FORM IV.



## The Train to Akita

"Easter" is a kaleidoscopic word: to the child it means fragrant white lilies and a special service at church; to young ladies it stands for new spring hats; and to the boy at boarding school holidays and home.

The scene opens at a boarding school, the Canadian Academy, so called even tho' it is in Japan. The last day of school in the term is over and, as at any school throughout the world, suit-cases and trunks are being crammed to their utmost capacity, taxis are continually driving up to the school and leaving for railway stations or the docks, and everyone is excited, chattering, and gay. Field McCall and I are in no hurry; we have a basketball game that evening and besides our train does not leave until ten that night. At dinner the dining-room seems strangely empty, only three tables being filled: there is the basketball team, the four boys and three girls who are leaving for Korea at midnight, a few bound for Shanghai or Wei-hai-wei, two sisters who will travel north on our train, and some other odd stragglers.

We were at the big Sannomiya Station in Kobe ten minutes early. As it took me too long to go home at Easter I was going to spend the holidays with my friend in Akita, in the northern part of the island. Japan looks small on the map, but it took us over twenty hours by a fast express to reach Akita. On the platform I bought an English daily; it cost eight cents. Soon the train came thundering in and we climbed aboard a third-class carriage. Being both Scotch, we had, therefore, decided to save money on our tickets for other things, and as third-class carriages in Japan are scrupulously clean and have upholstered seats, what more do you want as long as you do not have to stand? After barely a minute's wait the impatient express drew away from the platform and we were soon bidding good-bye to the lights of Kobe for a fortnight's holidays.

The Japanese woman across the aisle was clearly of an inventive mind. She had placed two wide boards across two opposite seats and having covered them with a blanket, was fast asleep with her two little children. In the seat ahead of us sat an aged Japanese patriarch; his gray kimono hitched up to his knees displayed legs clad in long woollen underwear. Over his shoulders he wore a dark cloak with a flat fur collar. He was sipping warmed *sake* (rice-wine) from a small porcelain jar, beautifully decorated, and from time to time he would take a puff or so at his bamboo pipe. He sat there with his eyes half shut and a most benevolent expression upon his kindly face. The delicate manner with which he tasted his wine, and the meticulous care with which he would fill the tiny bowl of his pipe with tobacco, light it, and take two or three puffs

before filling it up again was a delight to watch. He seemed for all the world like Mr. Pickwick in Japanese clothes.

The night was wonderfully clear and a few miles past Kioto we were favoured to see a scene beloved by the Nipponese: moonlight on the calm waters of the beautiful willow-fringed Lake Biwa. I was surprised to find the mountains beyond the lake to be covered with patches of snow, until I remembered that it was the "snowiest" winter in years. Field and I had brought a travelling chess set with us and played game after game until we grew so sleepy that at three in the morning we went to the diner to get some coffee. We asked the waiter for "*cō-hee*" and dozed off with our elbows on the table. The fragrant smell of the coffee soon woke me and on opening my eyes I saw not only the coffee, but also a plate of buttered toast and a jar of jam. Too sleepy to enquire or wonder at the appearance of the latter we fell to with a will. We had no sooner finished with this when the waiter appeared with two steaming plates of "chicken-rice", which is the Japanese conception of an Occidental dish just as "chop-suey" stands for Oriental food to the Westerner. Hastily telling the eager waiter we wanted nothing more, we finished the "chicken-rice" and left.

We were now travelling almost due north along the western coast of Japan. The sun rose from behind snowy peaks to the east upon a white world. The picturesque cottages of the peasants looked prettier yet with the soft snow gracing their thatches; the slender clumps of the fluted bamboo with their feathery tops and thin sharp leaves were bowed with the snow. We passed on our right one of the highest mountains in the island, a solitary peak of gleaming white etched clear against a rich blue sky. There seemed to be no frost in the heavens, and unlike most wintry skies, the firmament was not pale but was a deep sapphire right to the horizon. Even the sea on our left seemed warm and inviting, and the impression I received was that the white landscape seemed unnaturally natural as though the snow had fallen on some warm summer day. You never speak of "nature dying" in connection with a winter in Japan and of the snow falling to cover the bare earth. The three feet of snow seemed as far removed from the Land of the Cherry Blossoms as the poles, but yet in a quaint fishing boat drawn up on the sand, in a rustic water-wheel, and in the droop of willows by a frozen stream I seemed to sense a cherry tree in its dreamy mist of blossoms—but maybe it was just my fancy.

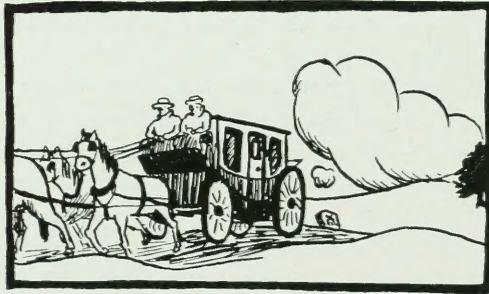
To return to more practical affairs: we went to the diner for breakfast and after coffee and rolls unanimously decided upon our king of dishes, eels and rice. Eels may be snaky to look at, but to eat—! Split open, the delicately browned, two inch strips are the most exquisite of all

meats, and with moist steaming rice and "shōyu" sauce would convince any epicurean that paradise was at hand.

The aged gentleman in the seat ahead of us had gone and in his place there sat a young Japanese woman with her sleek hair dressed in fantastic shapes and bedecked with tortoise shell pins. Some young Koreans at one end of the car were having a great time. In some unaccountable way they had stuck a number of cigarettes to the ceiling where they hung like unpointed icicles. A young Japanese student came up to us to practise his English. At one station we bought a basket of oranges and at another "mochi" cakes of soy beans. We were delayed for half an hour by the deep snow; in places snow-sheds were built over the tracks where we ran along the foot of a mountain.

And now it was night; the setting sun had thrown a graceful *torii* on a distant hill, a clear cut silhouette against the glowing sky. Instinctively I reached for my coat and hat, for I felt we were near home, and as the express slowed down for the next stop the conductor came through the car calling, "Akita!" We had arrived.

L. MACKAY, Upper VI.



## The Quest

On a milk-white cloud  
This voyager rode,  
Through a sea of golden mist.  
As he cried aloud  
He plunged his goad,  
And smiled at the stars he kissed.

Who is this who rides  
The snow-white steed,  
And laughs as he goes along?  
Who is it derides  
Man's humble deed  
As he chants his joyous song?

'Tis my own blithe soul  
That springs away  
From my body's galling bond;  
And it seeks its goal,  
'Ere break of day,  
While the moon yet waves its wand.

A river of light  
Now bathes his brow  
As he seeks you in the sky;  
But the goddess Night  
Must aid him now,  
Would he find thee there on high.

R. T. CATTLE, Upper VI.

## Origin of the Drama

Drama was brought to perfection among the Athenians about 500 B.C., although it did not originate with them.

Both tragedy and comedy were Dorian inventions, and arose out of the worship of Dionysus. Tragedy from its derivation means "goat song" and was symbolic of those who, assuming a goat-like appearance, being disguised as Satyrs, performed the old Dionysiac songs and dances. This is indeed much different from the present meaning of the word, as applied to modern drama. Comedy was called after the "song" of a band of merry-makers, who, stimulated at the vintage festivals of Dionysus, gave vent, as a result, to a rude merriment or perhaps to extempore wit levelled as a rule at the spectators. Comedy in this state was lacking in theme; it was just a disconnected exhibition of rough humour. Certain phases of modern "vaudeville" may here form an analogy in the fact that buffoonery, quite lacking in subtlety is practised, only without the apparent aid of artificial stimulus, and is practised by those who have an opportunity of knowing better, whereas the similarity may here become more interesting as original comedy some five hundred years before Christ seems to have originally arisen from among those practising political institutions which were democratic. I refer to the Megarians dwelling both in Greece and Sicily. Now it has been observed that tragedy like comedy arose out of the worship of Dionysus; but tragedy in a form of greater perfection, was the offspring of the lyric odes with which that worship was celebrated.

Some of these lyrics expressed the suffering of Dionysus, and it was from this more mournful source that tragedy, properly so called, arose. A chorus was introduced and this may be termed the foundation even of Attic tragedy; the fact that the choruses were written in the Doric dialect, indicates its source.

The subjects of Greek tragedy were usually derived from national mythology, hence the general theme was familiar to the hearers; this constitutes a vital contrast to modern tragedy.

An important alteration was introduced during the time of Pisistratus, in consequence of which it obtained a new and more vital dramatic character; an actor was introduced whose chief duties consisted in giving the chorus a rest. This actor usually kept alive or introduced a theme, a dramatic fable.

It may be noted here that this departure introduced the beginning of what was ultimately to become a perfected representation, more intelligible to and in conformity with the modern idea. It was yet, however, in a very elementary state.

Subsequent to 535 B.C. it became customary to exhibit dramas in sets of four, known as "tetralogies", a tragic "trilogy" or set of three tragedies, followed by a Satyric play. These were frequently in tolerably well connected subjects; the Satyric drama at the end served as a relief to the preceding "trilogy".

It was customary at that period that representations were only made at infrequent intervals, during the festivals of Dionysus; the public in consequence were subjected to a rather intensive entertainment.

The fact that awards were made to the poets presenting the best set of dramas was a stimulus to excellence, and its consequent honour.

Such was Attic tragedy when it came into the hands of Aeschylus, who was regarded by the Athenians as its founder. He gained the tragic prize in 484 B.C. and repeated this performance at a later date in a "trilogy" of which the "Persae", the only tragedy extant of that "trilogy", formed one of the pieces.

Of upwards of seventy tragedies by Aeschylus, very few are extant; only one complete "trilogy" is known to us, consisting of the tragedies of the "Agamemnon", the "Choephoraë" and the "Eumenides". In consequence of the rather radical complexion of the last named of these tragedies, views that were not very palatable to a more democratic generation, which then existed at Athens, fearing their anger and possible consequences, Aeschylus retired to Sicily. His contributions to tragedy were considerable both in form and representation; a second actor was introduced and this created dialogue. In consequence of this new introduction the choral parts became secondary; scenery was introduced and appropriate dress for the actors was an innovation. The interpretations of Aeschylus tended towards the awful rather than to the pathetic; he further adds the superhuman element in depicting heroes and demigods and the inevitable march of fate.

Sophocles was a younger contemporary of Aeschylus, and assumed his mantle in the progress of time; in fact, it is worthy of note that he wrested the prize from Aeschylus in 468 B.C.

From that time he remained in almost undisputed possession of the stage at Athens until a younger rival appeared, who was indeed formidable, in the person of Euripides.

In consequence of one of Sophocles' plays, the "Antigone", it was said that he was granted the honour of being one of the "ten commanders", Pericles being the chief, to conduct an expedition against Samos.

As a poet Sophocles may be said to have brought the drama to the greatest perfection of which it is susceptible. His plays may be considered a mean between the lofty sublimity of Aeschylus and the very familiar scenes and sparkling declamations of Euripides.

In one of his plays the "Oedipus Tyrannus" in particular, the plot

shows skilful development and increasing interest as one act succeeds another. Sophocles introduced the third actor; this greatly enlarged the dramatic possibilities, more particularly in the matter of theme and plot. There should be no confusion at this point between the dramatic acquisition just mentioned, and what is currently termed the "eternal triangle" which savours rather of dramatic deterioration in our own day.

Euripides received from his predecessors perfect tragedy and appears not to have made any changes in its outward form. The choruses deteriorated comparatively and its odes became less connected with the general theme, a characteristic not so noticeable in his predecessors. Euripides is more remarkable for pathos rather than strictly abiding by the legends as received; he was rather inclined to mask the legends in terms of everyday life, thereby depriving them of the dignity of ideal character. For the pathos introduced by Euripides, he was called by Aristotle "the most tragic of poets". The only extant specimen of the Greek Satyric drama is credited to Euripides, the "Cyclops".

The "Comedy of Athens" found its greatest expression in Aristophanes, who was born in 444 B.C. Attic comedy was a powerful vehicle for expressions of opinion on matters political or otherwise; provided laughter in plenty was forthcoming, by whatever means or caricature it mattered little, the comic poet was satisfied with unsparing attack upon the philosophers, institutions, poets or citizens, with such liberty in respect to the subject matter, immense possibilities were not out of reach; such as richness of expression and poignancy of satire. In this respect even Plato admired Aristophanes, although in other respects he may not have held him in strict approval.

In the "Clouds" Aristophanes holds Socrates to great ridicule, while in the "Frogs" Euripides does not escape, even Pericles came in for a subdued portion of satiric comment.

The interesting evolution of drama was based on the general intellectual awakening of Greece, a few centuries before Christ. Its fundamental excellence has withstood the ravages of centuries, this being but one of the arts for which Greece must receive her due measure of approval from a so-called modern world, which to-day is more liable to gauge civilization in terms of things material, while allowing all cultural legacies to exist by virtue of their own momentum.

W. B.O'S.

# Out of Evil . . .

A ONE-ACT PLAY

*"Coleridge was in blossom from 1795 to 1801"*

The characters are:

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH, his sister

ROBERT SOUTHEY

*The curtain rises upon a scene of quiet beauty and charm. We are in the midst of what would now be called an old-fashioned garden, as beautiful as the swan-song of an English spring can make it by touching the heart of each flower, unfolding it in time to bid her "Ave atque Vale". Beauty, yes, for we are, in this year of grace 1801, lookers-on for a poignant moment in the garden of Wordsworth at lovely Grasmere with the sparkling waters of her noted lake a little off to the left; his carefully tended orchard behind to our left sloping gently to the tarn; and above all famous, ivy-covered, gable-windowed Dove Cottage on our right at the back.*

*Below the fence in front of the orchard is a neat path leading from the lake to the house with a by-path that would come straight to us, as it already does to our hearts, did not such irrelevant things as curtains and footlights interfere. On its way the by-path passes an old stone bench upon which, before a little rustic table littered with papers, sits Samuel Taylor Coleridge, twenty-nine years of age. After we have taken in, to speak paradoxically, the simple grandeur around him, we see that he is replacing a stopper in a small phial that contains a dusky brown fluid. He then resumes his writing. But William Wordsworth, that wise and happy man, that thinker and dreamer, enters from the cottage in time to see his first act. He walks slowly down the path he has worn smooth with his many meditative strolls. As he approaches Coleridge, he says:*

WORD.: Ah, my friend, write feverishly now while yet you may. The time is not far off when your spontaneous fountain shall dry up and you shall wither as yonder leaf, poor single scion of last autumn's clan, has withered; even as these verdant leaves about us shall lose their lovely freshness. And it is in the freshness of your poetry, Coleridge, that I find its chief charm.

COL. (*laughing*): Why not write a poem on *that*, William? But seriously, you see, just as that leaf has weathered the icy storms of winter,

so shall I. I have taken laudanum for over four years now, William, and I never wrote better in my life than I do now.

WORD.: That is only because your mind has matured, my friend. Will you arrest its further development by poisoning it? You started this evil practice merely as an anodyne to relieve the pains of jaundice and rheumatic fever which you contracted at school; but it has now become a confirmed habit with you.

COL.: Not so, my friend. A martyr to such pains then, I have suffered likewise ever since. Only this (*he clutches the phial a trifle too eagerly*) relieves me. I *know* I do not take it to gratify any appetite for pleasurable sensation.

WORD.: So you still think, and will continue to think for some time, but believe me, you are being unsuspectingly deluded and drawn ever nearer the fatal maelstrom whose current will soon be beyond your puny strength to stem, and you will become the victim of pain and terror.

COL.: I vow, William, I have not the insatiable craving for that peculiar excitement termed "voluptuous"—known only to the initiated—which opium intoxication creates.

WORD.: You seem to understand that excitement pretty well now.

COL.: I declare, William, that my occasional indulgence has not affected my work in the slightest degree.

WORD.: No? Have you finished *Christabel* yet?

COL.: Not yet (*tensely*) but I swear to you, I *will* finish it. (*He pounds the table almost hysterically.*)

WORD.: I pray God you may, Samuel. Alas, that trip to the Germanies—Hark! do you hear that sparrow? (*He looks toward the orchard.*) There it is, sitting on its nest in that tree.

*Behold within the leafy shade,  
Those bright blue eggs together laid!  
On me the chance-discovered sight  
Gleams like a vision of delight.  
I started—seeming to—to—*

I must in and finish that. (*He moves toward the house.*)

COL. (*laughing*): Another flash of lightning! I wonder if this will become a "spot of time?" (*He picks up his pen but suddenly changes it for the phial, until he hears the cottage door open, and looking around, sees Dorothy Wordsworth appearing. He quickly conceals the flask under a sheet of paper and resumes his writing. Dorothy creeps up on him.*)

DOR. (*with both hands behind her back, and bending over his shoulder*): Boo!

COL. (*looking up with "surprise"*): Dolly!

DOR. (*standing beside him*): Which hand will you have?

COL.: Oh, the right. No, the left.

DOR. (*producing a large, red apple*): Good! There.

COL.: Oh, what a treat! You have apples this late!

DOR. (*as he munches it, slyly puts another apple from her right hand on his table*): Yes, and it will soon be time for this year's crop. The petals in the orchard are dropping already. But I must run back; I'm making a cake. Southey's walking over again from Keswick today, and we must have something special (*a bit sadly*) something more than bread and butter.

COL.: Now I'm offended. That's all you have for me.

DOR. (*hurt*): Why, Sam, you are one of us.

COL.: I was only teasing. I would I were one with you, Dolly.

DOR. (*starting, then trying to laugh*): Tush, what about Mrs. Coleridge?

COL.: Ah, she is not one with me, Dolly. She is no kindred spirit as you are (*He draws her to him and kisses her hand.*)

DOR. (*trying faintly and vainly to withdraw her hand*): You mustn't do that, Sam.

COL.: Why not? I love you, Dorothy.

DOR.: But I must skip back to my cake. (*She rises and starts toward the house. Coleridge slips into reverie until she tiptoes back and kisses him on the nape of the neck. He starts up and pursues her, but she is already well in advance.*)

DOR. (*inside the door, gaily*): Not now, Sam, another time. I smell the cake burning and that were a fearful waste. You could not have even butter then. (*She disappears, and Coleridge, flushed and looking very Byronic with his tousled dark hair and open throat, comes back to his bench, where he sinks again into brooding until Wordsworth comes out of the house and sits beside him.*)

WORD.: Well, I have finished it; shall I read it to you?

COL.: No, wait until after supper tonight as usual, and when Southey will be here, too.

WORD.: Ah, yes. He will be here any moment now. How are you progressing?

COL. (*ruffling the sheets and exposing the phial*): Oh, I have scarcely done a word since you left. (*A pause.*) William, I love Dorothy, and she cares for me, too.

WORD.: Why, man, forget it! Your wife——

COL.: My wife again! Would God Southey had never made me marry his sister-in-law for that Susquehanna bubble. After the first year when I was, like all youth, intoxicated by the novelty of marriage, I have never had a happy moment with the woman. I have regretted our union bitterly.

WORD.: "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," Samuel.

COL.: Yes, I was not quite twenty-three when I married her, scarcely

old enough to know my own mind, and I jumped at the first opportunity. How sadly was I deluded! Now I am twenty-nine, and I want to settle down with someone I love. I have never had a *home*.

WORD.: But, again, your wife——

COL.: Ah, she has not Dolly's merry, laughing gaiety; her delightful, impulsive nature; her lack of severe dignity; and her sincere good sense. I will arrange a divorce if you will but allow me to marry Dorothy.

WORD.: But your children——

COL.: Oh, I can earn enough to provide for them decently. May I have her, William? She loves me and——

WORD.: And you love her. Think, Samuel, *if you love her*, are you the kind of man you would want to see her married to?

COL.: What do you mean? I suppose my nature is as——

WORD.: I gladly give my consent if—(*his eye wanders to the phial*)

COL. (*following him and picking it up*): Ah, if I would give up this? Well, I will, by Heaven! (*and he hurls it to the ground, but it does not break. He stands exultant.*)

WORD.: If that may be, then all is well. It gives me great pleasure to have two such friends united in this way. (*He offers his hand. Coleridge, in taking it, drops his eye upon the phial. He stoops and picks it up, pondering.*)

WORD. (*patting him kindly on the back*): Think it over, Sam. Are you worthy? (*and he strolls sadly into the house. Coleridge picks up the other apple in his right hand, and, phial in the left, weighs the two objects. Gradually the left hand falls a little. The apple, sweet and roseate, is found wanting! Coleridge sinks forward, burying his head in his arms. Southey enters from the right.*)

SOUT.: The very man I'm looking for! Why, what are you so serious about, old fellow? Lost your best friend?

COL.: Welcome, Bob. Yes, I fear I have.

SOUT. (*solicitously*): Not really?

COL.: Frankly, it is this way: I am thinking of putting away both my patent pain-killer and my patent pain-maker, your sister-in-law, that I might marry William's sister. I am unsuitably mated.

SOUT. (*shocked*): Sam, you surely can't be for a moment considering it! Why, it would kill my wife.

COL.: Nonsense! Yes, my wife means very little to me.

SOUT.: But what a help to you she is.

COL.: How? Sometimes she cooks me three meals a day. But she does not enter warmly into my pursuits as Dorothy does. Sara feels no sympathy with my aims, and I can get no pleasure out of intellectual conversations or in rambling over the hills with her, in both of which Dorothy and I delight. Sara does not care for them.

SOUT.: How long has this been going on?

COL.: Ever since in those long, dear evenings I taught her the different notes of the nightingale. She is as exquisite as they are.

SOUT.: Well, but Sam, can you thus hurt not only your wife, but mine and myself? Can you rob William of his sister when he himself says of her, "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears?" You owe her nothing and could never repay the loss William and his work would experience if you took her away.

COL.: But I wouldn't. We would live here, near each other, and I do owe her everything. My wife has always been a wet-blanket to my ambitions, but through Dorothy I came to a realization of my powers, and without her influence much of my poetry would never have been written.

SOUT.: But, Coleridge, your children—Hartley, are you willing to give him up?

COL. (*startled*): Ah, God help me, *no*. For your other objections, the power of love conquers all things, but I love him, too. I told William I would provide for them, but my income is ever uncertain. You are striking deep, Robert.

SOUT.: And your friend in need, are you sure you *can* give it up for her?

(*Coleridge has received a slap in the face. He shakes his head, and despairingly buries his head in his arms, almost sobbing. Southey pats him on the back, comfortingly.*)

SOUT.: Come, come, Sammy, go back and give her another try.

COL. (*thinking*): Yes, to go back to this other woman and try to forget *her* (*pointing sadly toward the house*) as other than a friend.

SOUT. (*seeking to comfort*): Oh yes, you can always be dear friends, Sam, if you change *love* into affection.

COL.: I think I can. (*then bravely*) At least I will not be jeopardizing Hartley's affection for me, and he will care for me without reproach when I am old.

SOUT. (*rejoicing, and yet admiring the other's courage*): Yes, yes, Sam, out of every evil some good must eventually come. But see, I have a new poem I want to read over to you before I present myself to William and—and William. Will you come with me to my old trysting-spot at the tarn? (*He has been trying hard to divert Coleridge.*)

COL. (*himself again*): Gladly. (*And they start off toward the lake.*)

COL.: Wait a moment, I almost forgot something. (*He jogs back to the table, his pace slowing; then he hesitantly reaches for the phial, pauses, looks at the house, shakes his head in affirmation of this as the best way, and, his mind made up, snatches the phial eagerly and puts it in his pocket. Southey watches him sadly.*)

COL. (*running back, gaily*): Yes, I had almost forgotten something.  
(*And they stroll toward the tarn as THE CURTAIN slowly shuts them from  
our view.*)

(*It is late Spring. Blossom-time is nearly over.*)

E. I. C.

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## The Last Hour

Darkness falls  
And shadows flit  
Through vasty halls.

Death has come,  
And one by one  
The lamps wink out.

Pale ghosts sit  
There 'round about  
And silent, watch.

Human pain,  
The bloody stain,  
The lifting latch

Move them not;  
They sit and gaze,  
Nor glances raise

Till death claims  
The poor remains  
Beneath his cloak.

R. T. CATTLE, Upper VI.

## Lesser Known London

A great many people imagine that when they have visited Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and the National Gallery; when they have driven through Hyde Park, and past Buckingham Palace, they have seen all that is worth seeing in the world's greatest City. Nothing could be further from the truth. You cannot "do" London in a week, or in a month; the more of it you see, the more there is to see.

I wonder how many persons in the endless stream of traffic passing up and down the Embankment, are aware of what lies beneath Cleopatra's Needle? Do they know that under that silent stonesshaft lies the complete wardrobe of a modern man and woman, a dictionary, and many electrical appliances including a telephone? These articles were placed here for safe keeping when the shaft was erected in London, to guide Archeologists of some future age in their search for remnants of our civilization.

Not far from the roar of the Embankment, and just off the Strand are the Adelphi Arches, a maze of alleys and lanes which growing London has completely engulfed, leaving them winding tunnels, and squalid courts. Dickens has often referred to these ghastly catacombs in his novels, with their dank, dismal depths illuminated at irregular intervals by flickering gas jets.

Their worn cobble stones could tell many a story of unsavoury crimes, and the average sight-seer does not usually venture far into their noxious depths. Those who do are transported from modern London into a seventeenth century atmosphere, where every shadow may resolve itself into a gin-crazed hag, or a drunken murderer.

A little way along the Strand from the entrance to the Adelphi Arches, there is a little lane down which comparatively few people ever go, yet it leads to one of the most historical spots in all London.

Inside one of a row of small houses is a Roman bath, once the property of a wealthy Roman merchant who built his villa on the banks of the Thames, around which clustered the markets and dwellings of prosperous Londinium.

It is still fed with crystal clear water from the same subterranean spring that served it in Roman times and a small hole in the original tiling, which is still in excellent condition, allows the water to seep slowly once more into the earth, thus preventing an overflow.

It is indeed wonderful to think that with all the gas mains, underground railways, and sewer pipes that criss-cross under London, this spring still flows undisturbed.

On Fleet Street, a little past Temple Bar, is the entrance to the middle Temple, the haunt of lawyers and barristers.

This exclusive community has for centuries been the residence of those in this noble profession; before that it was the sanctuary of the Knight Templars, who fought under Richard the Lion Hearted in the crusades. In the centre of the courts and lawns stands the Temple Church, inside of which many of the old knights are buried. On top of each grave lies the figure of a Knight Templar carved in stone. If the man had been to the crusades, the figure's feet are crossed; if he had not, the feet are stretched out in a natural position. In the council chamber near the church, there is a large oak table, made entirely out of the timbers of Drake's ship, *The Golden Hind*, while around the walls hang many of the pennons carried in the Second Crusade.

Many people are familiar with the "Cheshire Cheese", quaintest of London eating houses, but how many have visited the cellars of this famous hostelry, and seen a little stream winding its way over the stone flags? This stream was once the Fleet River, and flowed into the Thames. On old maps of London, the Fleet River was depicted as a rushing torrent, but after the Great Plague and fire, in 1666, it became so polluted with refuse and charred wood that it almost dried up, and not till recently was it re-discovered.

London is a city of relics; the oldest, and one of the least noticed of these is the London Stone, a mere block of worn granite, set behind an iron grille in a building on Fleet Street. At a glance, one would take it to be anything but what it was, but Archeologists claim that it is the oldest stone in England, and in all probability formed a portion of one of the early Druid Temples, built even before Stonehenge.

London has thousands of monuments, ranging in size from the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square downwards, but it has only one which is universally referred to as "The Monument". The Monument was erected by royal command on the very spot at the head of Pudding Lane where the disastrous fire of London started. Around the four sides of the base are carvings showing the fire in various stages, and a circular staircase leads up to a narrow gallery under the huge ball of burnished brass which tops the Monument.

With the exception of the great dome of St. Paul's, the Monument is the highest spot in the vicinity, and when the late afternoon sun catches the brass ball, it gleams like molten fire, a perpetual reminder of the catastrophe which it commemorates.

In endeavouring to picture scenes and places in London, I have only mentioned those which I believe to be not so well known. However, I feel that I would not be doing it justice if I did not make some mention

of the Tower, which is unquestionably the most historical spot in London, if not in all England.

To my mind one of the most interesting objects within this ancient fortress is the block on Tower Hill. Around it seem to stand the misty figures of Anne Boleyn, one of the unfortunate wives of Henry VIII; Lady Jane Grey who ruled as Queen of England for a week; and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley; and many others who played such tragic parts in its bloody history.

A close scrutiny will reveal the deep cuts in the wood, made by the axe of the hangman, who was so unnerved by the unruffled calm of the Duke of Strafford in his last moments, that he failed to connect properly with that gentleman's spinal vertebrae!

At each end of the minstrels' gallery, in the banquet hall of the old Guildhall, stand two hideous figures fourteen feet high, carved out of wood. One carries a huge spiked cudgel, the other an iron star on a chain suspended from a stick. These ferocious looking figures have been standing in the place for centuries, and are known as Gog and Magog.

Legend has it that when the Romans invaded Britain, these two monsters, last of a race of giants from the North, obligingly offered their services to the harried Britons, who received them with open arms, and placed them outside the gates of London to guard them from attack.

Now although Gog was quite prepared to champion the cause of the Britons, Magog was in the pay of the Romans, and one night when Gog was dozing, he allowed many of them through the gates into the city. Upon hearing the noise, Gog awoke, and perceiving his brother's treachery, he struck him a terrific blow over the head with his cudgel. At this point the legend becomes a little hazy, and we are not told who got the better of the fight, but it is rumoured that every Christmas Eve, the brothers wake up and continue the battle, in the minstrels' gallery.

London is full of interesting and historic sights, a few of which I have just mentioned. There is a memory lurking around every corner and up every crooked lane. There is the White Hart Inn in Southwark, where Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims set out upon their journey; and the old house in Smithfield from the lattice window of which "Bloody Mary" watched the Protestant martyrs burning at the stake unmoved by their screams. Then there is the house on Baker Street, the alleged residence of Sherlock Holmes, and the Old Curiosity Shop immortalized by Dickens.

I could not even begin to recount the wonders of that mother of all cities; I must leave that laborious undertaking to those better suited to a well nigh impossible task than myself, but I am more than content if I have succeeded in imparting some information, or holding someone's interest.

No writer, however gifted his pen, can do justice to London; to know it you must see it.

And so when you go to London, and I trust that many of you will, do not make the mistake of doing London in a week, or in a month, but come back to it, and come back again, and with each successive visit London will endear itself to your heart more and more.

T. E. HETHRINGTON, Form IV.



## My Hobby

Nearly everyone is interested in a hobby: the King of England and the ex-Kaiser are both ardent stamp collectors, an Austrian count breeds record-breaking homing pigeons, and a French nobleman as a common engineer drives a locomotive, for that is *his* hobby. Most boys have some special interest which claims their attention, radio, photography, Edgar Wallace, or stamp collecting. My brother and I also have a hobby and our Museum is the result.

My grandfather had an excellent collection in Tamsui which was rated as one of the finest in the Far East. When he died, most of the exhibits were given away, but several large boxes of geological specimens and other curios were enough to rouse my interest when still a young boy. I began to collect different kinds of pebbles and would line them up on the verandah railing but every morning the coolie would knock them off, much to my great disgust. One other thing discouraged me—I was unable to procure a specimen of granite, until I had a brilliant idea. One day I started off for the foreign cemetery with a hammer to knock a piece off a gravestone, but was caught by my father who, evidently overcome, gave me my grandfather's stones on the spot. I was about eight years old when we came to Canada on furlough and I remember I wanted to bring the whole lot, but compromised with Hugh Miller's *Cruise of the Betsy*.

That was the nucleus of our present Museum and ten years' collecting has increased it ten-fold. It has proved the most absorbing interest in my life. Every summer in Formosa we would take a different trip and my brother and I would come back loaded with new curios. We found an able ally in a young Formosan boy, Chhiong-a, of just my age. Every swim at the beach would find us on the lookout for new shells, crabs or bits of coral; every tramp through the woods for birds' nests that we might add to our collection of eggs; and many a time we sallied forth with our butterfly nets, cyanide bottles, and specimen cases to catch some new jewel-winged butterfly for the Museum. In short, almost every activity revolved around our collection. The many hours spent in gathering together, classifying, labelling, cataloguing and arranging the different exhibits have been amply repaid in our widened knowledge and the genuine satisfaction of enthusiastic collectors.

The first home of the Museum was in our bedroom, and then it was moved to a box-room. My home in Tamsui is a big bungalow, but at the back is an upstairs place comprising two large rooms with a verandah surrounding them. My brother and I moved into them and used one as a bedroom and the other was set aside for the Museum. We had the

old mission carpenter Suh-sai make us tables, shelves and stands and then we set to work to arrange everything. The exhibits could be roughly divided into four classes:—curios of the aborigines, geological specimens, marine oddities, and miscellaneous exhibits. Every piece of rock, every butterfly, and every arrow, I believe, was catalogued; we felt quite important when our inventory showed us we had over nine hundred articles. Chhiong-a, who could speak and write English, Japanese, and Chinese perfectly, put up notices in these three languages warning visitors not to handle exhibits. We also kept a visitors' book and collected pages of autographs and kind appreciations.

The reader would, perhaps, like a peek at the Museum: here it is. Opposite the door and leaning against the far wall were the largest and most valuable exhibits we had. They consisted of two large slabs of carved bird's-eye camphor wood eight feet long and four feet wide, formerly one piece entire. They had been part of a native chief's house and are over a hundred years old. These planks we were pleased to value at \$1,000 as that was what Rumour said the government museum had offered for them. On the walls were stretched two deer skins, one of a deer my father shot in Saskatchewan, the other the beautiful hide of a Formosan spotted deer, also two antelope skins, the ten foot skin of a snake we killed in our back-yard, and several large silk scrolls painted by celebrated Formosan artists. In the section devoted to aboriginal curios we had numerous bows and arrows criss-crossed on the walls, samples of native cloth and clothing, their ornaments of shell and stone, native pipes, and cigars a foot long and a good two inches through, and above all a spear that had killed thirteen people. In the geological department we had several handsome hardwood cases with shallow drawers containing the different pieces of rock neatly labelled. We had also samples of native ore and icicle-shaped pieces of limestone stalactites that we had found in a cave. The prized articles of this section were a large piece of stone covered with amethyst crystals, and an amber idol.

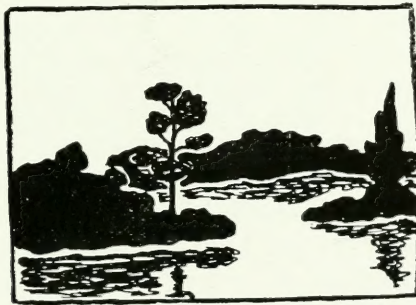
On the marine table we had over thirty kinds of coral of all shapes, sizes and colour, sea-weed, sponges, and, of course, rows of shells ranging from large conchs to tiny ones the size of a pea. In one corner of the room was a whale's rib over seven feet long, and some "saws" from saw-fish. We had also an arms rack holding three rifles, aboriginal swords and knives, Japanese swords and daggers, a German naval officer's sword, and a Chinese executioner's one. Of the three rifles one was an old muzzle-loading flint-lock with a five foot barrel, one was an ancient Chinese bell-mouthed army one with a spike to stick in the ground, and the third was a Japanese gun with the stock all eaten away. In making a collection great attention must be paid to details; take, for example, the case of the Japanese sword. The blade is, of course, of prime

importance, but the other sword belongings are as zealously collected as the blades and many Japanese connoisseurs have large assortments of the other accoutrements alone. These consist of the "tsuba" or sword guard frequently as valuable as the blade; the "kodzuka" and "kogai", small knives whose sheaths are part of the main scabbard; "menuki", the ornamental plaques of metal on either side of the hilt; the "fuchi", a decorated metal ring resting on the "tsuba"; and the "kachira" which tops the hilt; as well as the beautiful hilt itself, the blade, and the lacquered sheath.

Besides the above, one shelf held a long row of reptiles bottled in alcohol from the harmless grass snake to the deadly umbrella snake and cobra. A few stuffed birds showed our attempts at taxidermy. Several cases of beautiful butterflies and moths, a collection of coins, specimens of submarine cable ranging from part of the first Atlantic cable to one the size of a pencil, skeleton leaves, a bowl of the Tsung dynasty fashioned by some ancient potter nine hundred years ago, a pair of vases and rusted cannon-balls three centuries old, wild boar tusks, the case of birds' eggs, rows of idols, and other specimens of nature and human craftsmanship completed our Museum.

Who will deny that such a hobby has not been worth while, and that Chhiong-a, my brother, and I have not been repaid a hundred-fold for the time and money cheerfully lavished on our Museum?

L. MACKAY, Upper VI.



## The Theory of Disarmament

In the Dark Ages people wandered about trying to rob, murder, and even to eat each other. But mankind has progressed. In the more civilized countries of the world the practice of cannibalism has died out. This is a great step. I believe that we would live to see the passing of all international quarrels and wars were it not for those who oppose disarmament on the ground that it is a new idea.

Now I shall try to show you in what way they are a menace to our advancement. Gradually, through the ages, wandering tribes have become affiliated into small states, and the small states into nations until now there are comparatively few great countries in the world, and these the wonderful transportation and communication facilities are rapidly bringing together. Let us hope that logic will soon show them that the way to prosperity and happiness lies in unselfishness.

It seems to me that herein lies a very apt comparison between the progress of the world and of a boy at school. The boy comes to school, knowing nothing. This corresponds to the Stone Age. He has to be guided along the straight and narrow path. His perversities and idiosyncracies have to be checked and he must become attuned to this sort of life. He often goes astray and has to be punished. This corresponds to the petty struggles of our ancestors with the wild beasts of the forest. Gradually the boy's mind becomes trained until he can go out into the world and live a sober, decent life among his fellows.

This is the state of education at which the nations of the world have arrived. In proof of this statement I point to two great instances of the feeling of the world in this matter. First, Gandhi of India is undoubtedly a very clever man. He does not approve of the government of India. Does he start a rebellion? No. He instructs his followers to wait until there is no alternative but war, and then not to fight. Next, take Japan. Her people have received what modern education they have but recently. This has the same effect on a nation as cramming has on a school-boy. They are well versed in the inventions and innovations of modern civilizations, but they lack the fundamental traits of straightforwardness and simplicity which are the birthright of every Englishman. However, I saw an article in the paper the other day in which it was stated that some hundreds of Japanese students had refused to go to war. It is hard to praise their action in not obeying their country's call; nevertheless, it shows that the idea of disarmament is penetrating even that far eastern land.

One could take many examples of this sort of thing from the events of the western world, where disarmament has long been considered.

I chose these two eastern examples in order to show that if the great nations of the West lead the way by disarming, the East will not be long in following. Then indeed, when man has learned to live in love and charity with his neighbour, will he have achieved the highest good in life.

P. B. PARKER, Lower VI.



*Do you believe in signs?*

## The Mohawk Church

When Captain Joseph Brant and the Indians of Six Nations who came with him to the Grand river valley in the year 1784 to live on the land that had been given to them by the British for their services to the British crown, the British also pledged that where the Mohawk Indians settled, a church should be built, and a clergyman sent to them.

It was in agreement with this obligation that the famous Mohawk church was erected in 1785 and which now bears the legend: "*St. Paul's, His Majesty's Chapel of the Mohawks. Erected by King George III, 1785. The first church to be built in Ontario.*"

Brant was away in England during the construction of this building. It was said that he was in the Old Land to collect funds for the erection of this church, but how true this is we do not know.

The timber for the making of the church was cut in the neighbourhood of Paris and the logs were floated down the Grand river to the present site, a distance of nine miles. Some of the original lumber is still contained in the church.

The first bell which was ever heard in the call to worship in Ontario is now housed under a canopy, close to the front entrance, bearing the inscription: "*John Warner, Fleet Street, London, 1786.*" In 1873 it became cracked and was discarded for old metal, but rescued just as it was about to be broken up.

Queen Anne presented to the church, as a personal gift to her loyal subjects, a communion service which is still in use. The service was buried when they fled from their homes on one occasion. Later they recovered four of the pieces which were restored to the church.

There was no regular minister in charge for the first forty years but regular services were held during that time by the Indians, the early residents of Brantford and settlers in the surrounding district. The New England Company were the first to become interested in the fact that the church had no minister of its own. Soon after a minister was sent to preach to them.

The building is very plain, both inside and out. It has a very high steeple, ancient and imposing.

The church is surrounded by many tombstones marking the last resting places of many famous figures in the history of the Mohawks, including Pauline Johnson's father. Had it not been that Brant was a Christian and a sincere patriot to the British, the church would never have been built. And so, it is only fitting that he should rest there in the quiet cemetery of the church he had helped to found.

T. R. FORBES, Form IV.

## Bermuda

One would never know that the wonderful islands of Bermuda to-day were once nothing more than a few islands in the Atlantic which made little or no difference to anybody and were said to be inhabited by demons and evil-spirited people. To-day, it is one of the most prosperous and famous holiday resorts in the world.

I had been on the motor-ship *Bermuda* for two days, heading for the islands of Bermuda. On the first sight of them I saw nothing but white specks with a background of black rock. As the boat came nearer, a change seemed to befall everything in front of me. The black rock, as I thought it was, turned to a soft green; there were palm trees and all sorts of funny trees in view, white lilies, and, the green fields marked a spot of pleasure. The little cottages some red, others white, yellow, or blue, hemmed in by roses, lilies and green grass, with a coloured stone wall around them, looked like jewels. I agreed to myself that I had never seen a more beautiful place in my life, and I think many other people believe so, too. The sky seemed so blue without a cloud in it, and the air so pure, I felt a new boy altogether.

As we entered the harbour, I saw people swimming in outdoor pools and in the ocean; how soft the crystalline sand looked! Then I also saw some people playing tennis, and riding horseback. When I had come ashore, instead of seeing large factories, skyscrapers, and hearing the sounds of infernal horns buzzing from motor cars, everything was quiet and happy.

I was to be in Bermuda for five days, so I decided to buy a book of some sort that would tell me all I could do. I had lunch at the hotel Princess which was the one I was to stay at, and then bought a Royal Enfield bicycle and started off for a long bicycle hike to the Coral Reefs and Tea Gardens. I came to St. George's, for this was where the boats were and where I was once more to be on the ocean.

After paying a not altogether low fare, I was shown into a glass bottomed boat. I was soon seeing a fairyland of submarine plant and animal life, incredible in formation and beauty. It is one of those sights which literally "must be seen to be believed." To see some ordinary black fish quickly disappear, or change to a bright red colour seems almost impossible but it is not. I saw a devil-fish spitting out its horrible black liquid, camouflaging itself from some other more powerful monster of the sea. I saw crabs from sizes six to ten. All kinds of different plants, which I thought were fish, continually bobbed and swayed up and around—just like the trees and grass in the fields on the earth do when the wind blows them around.

I spent an enjoyable hour there, then came back to my bicycle and began riding back to the hotel. I had a refreshing swim in one of the most beautiful outdoor pools in the world and then dressed for dinner. Dinner, after all the exercise and excitement I had had, seemed a big part in my small life. In the evening I had a long walk under the Bermuda skies. The following day I drove to Bermuda in a buggy. The first place visited was The Devil's Hole, which was a natural aquarium stocked with a wide variety of fish. The chief attraction was "angling" with baited but hookless lines for some of the big groupers and other fish in the water. It is just like fishing for bass, only you do not catch them! I also visited the aquarium; it was just the same as the Devil's Hole.

I drove around Harrington Sound; this is a beautiful inland sea connected with the ocean at a place called Flates Inlet. This exquisitely beautiful spot seemed only a dream, with its soft clear water, sparkling coral, and the shadow of the green fine groves reflecting in the water. I had a lovely luncheon at Tom Moore's House Tavern. I then drove home and went for a long horseback ride into what they call the country parts of the island. Nothing could have been more enchanting than the scenery. The road lay for many miles through a thick shaded alley of orange trees and cedars, which opened now and then upon the loveliest coloured sea one can imagine, studded with little woody islands and all in animation with sail boats. I went to one of the Bermuda theatres that evening.

The third day I spent yachting in the Great Sound. The next day I visited Gibbs Hill lighthouse. The observation room on the gallery of this lighthouse is about four hundred feet above the sea-level, and one could see all of Bermuda from its top.

The next place I called upon was the caves which were one of the most interesting places I visited. The caves or "cave district" are around Harrington Sound, and one theory has it that the various caves are all parts of one huge cave, the connecting passages of which have not yet been discovered. These caves are thousands of years old and have in them stalagmites and stalactites, in formations of weird and indescribable beauty. They are lighted by electricity and have smooth walks made all through them, making inspection perfectly safe. In one of the caves there was an underground lake; it looked more like a mirror on account of its stillness and the lights reflecting on it.

That afternoon I visited the town of Hamilton and bought some souvenirs for myself. I went to the Bermuda Opera House that evening, and saw the Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, *The Yeomen of the Guard*. The next day I rode my bicycle to Elbow Beach and had a wonderful swim in the ocean, followed by a sun-tan on the sand. I rode

back and had three good sets of tennis which made me quite tired so I decided to have a sleep.

The last day I spent in Bermuda I went on a picnic, and then began the happy trip home. These are only a few of the interesting pastimes, and doings of Bermuda.

J. B. McCOLL, Form IV.



*"Simple Simon . . ."*

## Good Night Sweetheart!

It was on a cold, misty Friday night; a typical London fog had enveloped the city, as John Leslie Howard, a prominent Threadneedle Street broker, weaved his way through the pushing crowd to the nearest omnibus-stand, faintly outlined in the fast settling fog.

After what seemed hours of waiting, he finally clambered aboard a none too crowded 'bus, which he used on such nights, and settled himself in a corner for the long journey home. He unfolded the evening newspaper, damp and rainsoaked, from under his arm. His eye met the headlines, "*Robbery at Tisdale's by Daring Gang.*"

At that moment he heard a man beside him speak to his companion: "Quite a thing that; hear there was fifty thousand worth of diamonds snatched from under the jeweller's nose; then they shot him; aye, a bad thing that."

Such was the conversation until the 'bus reached his long looked-for destination. This chatter was getting on his nerves, though to the best of his knowledge, he was the only one in the world who knew that in his inside pocket was hidden an *interim* receipt for bearer bonds of an uncomfortably large size. It was to be called for by a foreign buyer leaving London later that night.

He made his way to the door; the 'bus lurched to a stop; pulling up his high collar, he stepped down to the wet pavement, almost losing his footing as he did so.

He quickly made his way up the deserted street on which he lived, his left hand nervously clutching at his collar. He reached his house and on ascending the steps, he knocked loudly; the whole courtyard resounded with a boom which caused him to look sideways with a furtive glance. No answer. But of course—how stupid! His housekeeper had left for a visit to her sister. What a curse! Fumblingly he drew out his key-ring; selecting the required one, he opened the door and walked into the gloomy depths.

At once he was filled with terror. What was that in the corner? Oh, it is only the clock! No, it wasn't! But the light turned on by his shaking hand revealed it to be merely the coat-rack.

After many more jarring occurrences he selected a chair by the fire, which was smouldering, and commenced once more to read his paper.

His eyes settled on the glaring headlines. At that moment a loud crash rent the air; he turned; it was only "Chauncey", the cat, who, while brushing against the fragile table, had knocked a vase from its lofty perch. With more uneasiness he tried to settle down when a rustling of papers and gust of raw air told him the front door had suddenly

opened. He closed and carefully locked the door. On retracing his steps, he continued down past the library and turning a bend in the hall, he entered the dining room.

As he did so, a guttural whisper pierced the curtains and hissed in his ears: "I guess he's comin' now; you watch the door and I'll put him on the spot."

"O.K." a like voice murmured, "and shoot if you gotta."

Howard, pale and quivering grabbed the curtain for support; slowly he sank to the floor, paralyzed with fear into unconsciousness.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began a deeper voice, "this will be all till next Friday night, when the American Thriller Players, will be on the air, continuing the serial story. Good night, everybody," and the radio, left on by a house-keeper excited over her little visit, swung into the strains of "*Good Night Sweetheart*".

A. SETON THOMPSON, Form III.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

## Adolescence

Adolescence is a subject which is not very frequently discussed. In case some of you are unaware of its meaning, adolescence is the stage in your life which starts when you begin to put away childish things and become interested in worldly affairs and which ends when you have accumulated enough knowledge and wisdom to rank as a man. It is quite evident from this definition that some people are unfortunate enough to be adolescents all their lives. During the period of adolescence in the life of the average boy there are several very prominent characteristics, some of which are desirable and others which are not. It is my desire to portray these characteristics, in order that the good ones may be encouraged and the bad ones discouraged.

The most undesirable characteristic and also the most prominent, which appears to be born in every adolescent boy is the cynical and insolent manner with which he accepts advice and counsel from his parents and teachers. Boys do not seem to realize their folly in forming definite opinions along certain lines which are directly opposite to those of their elders. The fact that the immature brain is very different from the mature brain is a well-known fact to pathologists. They also confirm the fact that the physical features of your brain are directly responsible for your actions. Therefore the only logical conclusion is that the immature brain forms immature opinions and that adolescents should be guided by their parents and elders until they are mature.

The next characteristic which is predominant in adolescents is the desire for excitement and radical experiences. This readily explains the reason for so many detective stories and thrilling novels and the desire to flout authority merely for the sake of breaking a rule. The fact that some boys are not particularly engrossed by such actions is very often disappointing to their fellows; but this, pathologists say, is merely due either to an early maturity or a variation in brain features. When the brain matures, this desire for foolish excitement usually disappears. Therefore, if you desire to be a few years ahead of yourself, control the lust for law-breaking.

The most desirable characteristic in the period of adolescence is the increasing appreciation for beauty both in nature and literature. This is one characteristic which should be encouraged and which is very often unmanifest due to the fact that a great many boys feel that it is effeminate. According to authorities it is not effeminate; therefore, anyone who previously thought so may stand corrected.

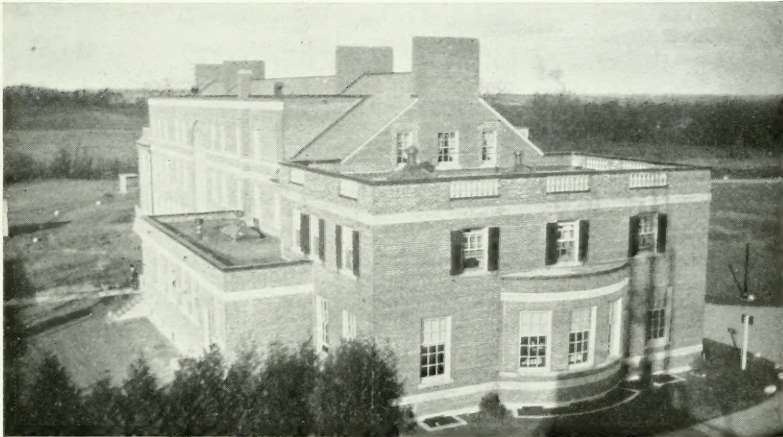
Another characteristic of vital importance, and the last I shall mention is the desire for knowledge. This characteristic is prevalent to

a certain degree locally but could be increased appreciably. The reason that we are educated during the period of adolescence is because the power of absorbing knowledge is more pronounced during this period than at any other time in the individual's life. If you do not train your mind along this line throughout adolescence, complete atrophy of this very valuable trait may occur, according to the savants.

In conclusion might I add that if each adolescent would give the subject considerable thought and analyze himself, he might discover how to overcome some of these undesirable, inherent traits and build upon those which are advantageous. The pathologists claim that the physical growth of the brain ceases at maturity and that any characteristics developed previous to this time are very difficult to discard.

Therefore, give your brain a great deal of exercise in good channels during adolescence and you will never regret it.

ROBERTSON, Form V.



THIRD HOUSE—GROWN UP

## Uses of the Radio

It has been said that the marvel of radio is that it lifts a man into the realm of divine music and drops him into a can of somebody's soup. But the radio is a very useful servant, and it is not appreciated as much as it might be.

Some of its many uses in the home are: bringing baseball games, football games, hockey games, and many other kinds of games to the listener. It also supplies jazz music for dancing, and classical music for those who prefer it. One may also listen to cooking recipes given regularly every few days; but when a listener comes across one of these programmes, he usually gets by it as quickly as he can!

The radio is used by the police to locate criminals, by having these sets installed in fast sedan cars. In this way all the news received at headquarters can be sent to the police cars, giving them definite instructions.

The radio is installed in aeroplanes for their greater safety on long flights. The pilot can receive weather reports this way, and can also send out a rescue message if anything goes wrong and he is forced to make a landing in the wilderness.

The radio is one of the most important things on a ship. This faithful servant serves the seaman much as it does the airman. In the navy every ship has a wireless or radio, by which signals and orders are given and received. A year or two ago a destroyer without any crew on it was operated by radio television from another ship a few miles behind it.

The radio has been put in most of the fast trains in North America during the last four years or so. Also within the last two years telephones have been installed in the fast flyers, the voice being carried from the 'phone booth on the train to the operator in the nearest city by radio.

These are some of the many uses of the radio, more of which are being discovered all the time.

J. H. DONOVAN, Form V.

## CFRB's Control Room

You have without a doubt seen the red-roofed house on the side of the hill just south of De La Salle College with the four red letters out in front.

This is, if you do not already know, the control room of radio station CFRB.

On two occasions I have been fortunate enough to see the inside and also to be shown how things work.

On the last occasion, of which I am about to narrate, I approached the door which is at the rear. I slowly opened the door of the vestibule a crack. Suddenly the whole place seemed to blow open. I stood, somewhat shamefacedly, at the inner door. Two rather inviting faces seemed to move me inside. I closed the door and inquired if I might look around. One of the men—of which there are four, two to a shift of a day and a half—showed me the place.

First, the old transmitter was pointed out to me. It is comprised of a number of coils, tubes—much rubber hose as a cooling system, and a wooden frame. This was in use, but a more modern one has taken its place, so it is used only in case of an emergency. The new transmitter is cased in steel with several windows in front on which "CFRB" is cut. The large steel panel has many dials and adjusters on it. The south half of the house is devoted to the apparatus. The other part has a Frigidaire, a bed, running water, and all modern conveniences. There is a seven tube set in the home-part of the house, which is on at any time the station is. The use of this radio is to detect any mistakes or faults in the transmitter. The aerial used for this set is only ten feet long, and they can tune their station out in a very few points.

The control room is lined with asbestos. Over, below, and behind the transmitter is a network of copper stripping about one and one-half inches wide. On the front of the amplifier is a needle which quivers up and down as the volume is increased or decreased.

The desk is about two feet from the transmitter. This is where the correspondence cards are kept. The few ash trays are filled to their utmost with cigarette butts. Numerous stacks of magazines are also on the desk. This transmitter has reached listeners both in New Zealand and Gibraltar.

I was shown a neon tube about a foot long. It has mercury in the crooked glass, and brass points at the ends, bent at right angles. When it is held behind the transmitter, the air is so charged that the radio frequency lights up the neon tube to a bright blue hue. Another amazing thing I experienced was in placing a large nickel between the

pieces of the steel, for when I placidly put my ear to the metal, I heard the programme. The frequency is kept steady by a piece of quartz crystal heated to a certain temperature in a jar.

Most of the work is controlled from a small two-legged table about two feet long and eight inches wide. There are numerous switches, and beside each a red light indicating whether the piece of machinery is working or not. There is a small microphone there, used for an emergency purpose now and then. Sometimes it is used for testing, when a new part is attached.

The sound is put in the left side of the transmitter and works up toward the right and so up to the aerial. CFRB has its studio on Bloor Street and their programmes come up by wire—like a super-telephone to the control room. Many of CFRB's programmes are of the Columbia Broadcasting System. These programmes come up to transmitter from New York and Chicago by telephone.

After having contented myself with many questions, I departed, an older man by forty-five minutes than when I had entered.

W. H. ADAMS I., Form IV.



*Peek-a-Boo!*

## Then and Now

If by some strange happening, the modern world could be suddenly transformed into the world of fifty or sixty years ago, I am sure it would be a great shock to us all, both old and young; more so to the young perhaps, who know nothing of those days. To us younger folk who have only been in this old world for a scant fifteen or sixteen years, all the earlier forms of living seem very slow and backward. We know comparatively little about the lives our grandmothers and grandfathers led. Indeed, we seem to have a general idea that it was a life of toil and drudgery for the most part, with very little pleasure and diversion accompanying it. As for myself, my knowledge concerning this subject has naturally come from books and conversation with older people. However, I shall do my best to give my idea of the "nineties" to the reader.

Let us first think of the country fifty years ago. The roads, mere trails in most places, became horribly muddy and slippery when it rained. The smooth, wide highways running between the numerous cities and provinces of Canada to-day were, when some of our own parents were children, but dirt roads, or perhaps not even in existence. Most of their highways were made of gravel, cement being used only on a small scale, such as in cities and some of the more prosperous towns. Asphalt was unknown to the road constructors, and in many places ordinary hard brick was used.

Transportation was just as different then from now as were the roads of that time. We think nothing of jumping into our car on a Sunday afternoon, and going for a pleasant little ride of one hundred or more miles. The people of the older days thought it a great pleasure if they could hitch up the horse and buggy, and go for a long, thirty mile drive, which took the greater part of the day. Then, if we broaden our minds a little, we can imagine the farmers of the western prairies in those past years, hitching up their ox-carts and hauling their grain for miles to the nearest elevator. Some of them spent days at a time on the trails before reaching their goal, perhaps forty or more miles away. And when they finally did arrive, they had but a small amount of grain in the little carts. Now the towns are nearer together, and the grain is hauled in large, deep, box-shaped wagons by tractors. One tractor can usually pull from three to four wagons at a rate of ten to fifteen miles per hour. Another factor not to be overlooked, is the progress of the railway system and trains in the past fifty years. At the present time it is possible for one to travel by rail practically anywhere on this whole

continent. This, of course, was anything but possible at the time of the Confederation of the Canadian provinces.

The homes of the country were also quite different in comparison with the modern country homes. They were lighted by coal-oil lamps or candles, and heated with either a clumsy, big stove or coal-oil heaters which were often knocked over, fires being the result. The mother of the household did all her own cooking on a wood-burning stove. She also made all the soap and candles which were used. They had no telephones, and when a member of the family became ill, someone had to go and get the doctor, who was often miles away. In many cases, before his arrival, the sick person died.

They knew nothing of the electrical appliances, which we now have to reduce the home chores to a minimum. The family life in the country home was, then, much different, too. In the evening, the whole family would gather together in front of the big, open fireplace and read, talk over the events of the day, or perhaps sing some of their favourite old songs, which they liked so well. While this was going on, the smaller children would tell stories and pop chestnuts in the great red flames which seemed to be licking their way up the chimney. The radio now forms a great source of general knowledge and entertainment for the country people. In the "nineties" they did not have the radio or any of our methods of self-entertainment, and as a result they all seemed to club together in work, pleasure, and general life. Since, however, more modern things have come their way, that friendly relationship has been more or less broken up, and the radio, along with other modern methods, is tending to give each individual in the home his own personal diversion.

We will all acknowledge that the country has changed quite radically; the city has not stood still either. The city of Toronto, for instance, a half a century ago was not a great deal larger than some of the towns of Ontario at the present time. Most of its streets were made of brick, and in the older section cobble-stones were used for paving. A few of the larger streets such as Bay or Yonge were made of concrete, but this kind of pavement cracked badly every winter when the frost swelled the ground. This meant the expenditure of a large sum of money each spring for repair work. A kind of tar, called asphalt, mixed with gravel, and other substances, is now being used almost exclusively in the construction of new city streets. This material makes a much smoother and prettier roadway than cement, and has a rather semi-pliable nature, thus avoiding, to a great extent, the danger of cracking in winter. How queer it would seem to us if all the streets were lighted with dim gas lamps, and men walked around with long sticks to light the lamps each night! It would seem equally queer to board a tram pulled by four horses

instead of travelling on one of the present street cars. Yet such was the case when grandfather was a boy.

We have only to look at a few of the massive structures, such as the new Bank of Commerce building, Eaton's store, or the Royal York Hotel, and we perhaps wonder a minute what the city must have looked like, with bare fields in their places. Forest Hill and most of north Toronto was then merely barren country, except for farms and a small number of little country stores. Now this section is one of the best in the city, and being strictly residential, it has within its bounds some of the finest Toronto homes.

In writing this, I have merely outlined a few of the more important and more radical changes which have taken place during the last half century in the city and country. Whether the good old days of the horse and buggy, the tallow candle, and the coal-oil lamp, were superior to our modern ones of motor cars and electricity, is largely a matter of opinion. I am, however, fairly certain of one fact; the man of to-day would rather have that extra hour's sleep in the morning and go to business in his car, than follow the early to bed and early to rise theory and go with a horse and buggy.

K. L. WEBSTER, Form V.



—Reproduced by courtesy of the Jail Farm.

## An English Public School

Having just read an account of a Canadian Public, or as you call it, Private, School it is interesting to consider our own management. The system of Prefects, appointed by the Headmaster, is, I think, common to both. Below the prefects are the House Prefects and lower still the Common Room Captains.

A school, consisting of, on an average, 500 boarders, is divided up into houses. Eating, sleeping, and Common Rooms are arranged by houses. As many schools, including Canford, are converted Manor Houses, eating is arranged in the Great Hall, tables being assigned to various Houses.

As I have said, the school, to take Canford, is split up into houses, each containing approximately 60 boys. The Head of the House is usually a school Pree. He shares a "Lodge" (or study) with the Senior House Pree. The remaining three House Prees share another Lodge. In some houses the senior ten boys also get studies at the scale of about three per study. The rest of the House is split up into three Common Rooms: the Senior, Middle, and Junior, each with its own captain. Let me describe a Common Room. In it are neat rows of wooden desks about 2 feet square and 9 inches deep. Each boy has one of these in which he keeps his belongings and books. The captain and one or two others have two desks. In one corner is the Master's desk. This is a flat topped affair with wooden arm chairs. The other desks have ordinary, straight-backed wooden ones. Very hard! Excepting for these, a blackboard, and a fine grate the room is empty.

Each Common Room is provided with two daily papers each day. As there are twenty-five boys in the Junior Common Room, the "smallies" don't get much time to read! Gramophones may be played on Saturdays only and then merely between the hours of 12.45 and 7. My word, don't we make up for lost time!

Seniority depends upon the time you have been here. You come at the age of about thirteen and leave at about eighteen. The year is divided into three 3-month terms and as one first goes to one's "Rat House" at the age of eight, one spends nine months in each of the ten years you are at school away from home.

With an "*exeat*" (a chit signed by your House Master) one may spend about two hours in the village, but as it is a  $2\frac{1}{2}$  mile walk (only the Prefects are allowed bicycles, no one motorbikes or cars) it is not worth it. Your parents may take you out three times a term with nine hours away from school. Liberty!

Games are arranged by houses and are compulsory. Rugger and

hockey are played in winter, cricket in summer. The first is the most popular and is taken seriously. Cricket is thought a bug-bear. One may, in summer under the surveillance of a master spend half an hour a day in the river. One must have two 3-minute rounds of boxing a week. Fives tennis, real tennis, and squash are played in one's spare time.

The Officer's Training Corps is arranged by the school. Each cadet has a rifle and full fighting equipment. There are two parades a week in uniform and about two Field Days, with blacks, a term. Various exams. enabling one to get a territorial commission may be taken.

Everyone sleeps in dormitories with a Prefect as its captain. Each boy keeps his clothes in a drawer provided.

In the "Grubber" (Tuck shop) at one counter sweets, chocolate, milk, eggs, and tinned food may be bought; at another light literature (Edgar Wallace, etc.) and the third counter is devoted to clothes and games kit.

We all wear regulation grey suits, black shoes and ties, and a school cap. In the holidays, of course, we dress as Human Beings. We work from 9.15-12.45, games in the afternoon, work 4.30-6, Prep: 6.45-9. We have three half-holidays a week. Work is not taken at all seriously excepting for about three weeks before the "School Certificate" or leaving exam.

I have a cousin at an American school. There they bring back gallons of liquor. We don't! Our Tuck boxes usually contain beans, coffee, tinned fruit, and a methylated spirit stove. Drinking and smoking are just "not done, old man, don't!" For any crime the back of one's lap suffers at the hand of Masters or Prefects.

After getting up at 7 and going to bed at 10, if one sneaks up behind two fellows, they will, nine times out of ten, be discussing the latest rugger match or the ladies. The latter is the more popular as, during the term we never see one, and talking of them is the next best thing. Though we may write to whom we like, the letters at a Girls' Pub. are all censored. Of course there is no co-education!

At my cousin's school each senior boy has a bed-sitting room with a bathroom attached. That is in America. Our bathrooms have four and sometimes eight baths in them and you may have only two baths a week at specified times. After games we have a shower, having changed in one huge room per house.

Different periods are done in different rooms, Common Rooms being utilized as class rooms. Prep is done in Common Rooms with a Pree to keep you quiet. "No talking" is a strict rule.

The only really human place in the school is the library. In here are several arm-chairs and—a fire! In it the only light literature is

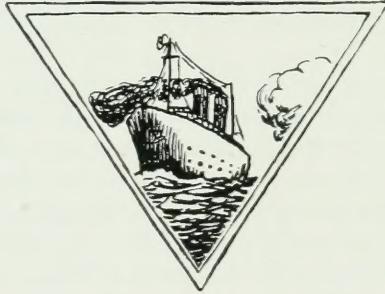
the latest Society Journals and *Punch*, but it is well stocked with 3,500 classical and semi-classical novels.

For all this we pay about £64 a term so that no Canadian need be envious of an English Public School boy.

There are many petty rules that tradition has handed down: no hands in pockets, only Prees on this path, and no umbrellas are examples.

Thus it is that we are all glad to leave, and, instead of being treated as herds by the Governors, and children by the masters, get to Varsity which is not quite, so our elder brothers tell us, so bad. Are you?

J. S. A. HUMPHRIES,  
Canford School, Wimborne, England.



# SCHOOL NEWS



## THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society under the able direction of Mr. O'Sullivan, the Society's president, closed a most successful year with its last meeting on March the fifth. This term a debate was attempted. Although it was the first effort of this type for some time, the result was quite acceptable. The quality of the speeches was extremely good this year, considering the age and experience of the young orators. There is a surprisingly large number of boys in the school, who, with a little more training and experience, might develop into very forceful speakers. However, the high spots of the programmes, in the estimation of the audience, were the frequent appearances of Cousins, Thomson I, and Co., a tireless group of very capable exponents of histrionic art.

R. T. C.

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## CHAPEL NOTES

On Sunday evening, February 14th, we experienced the pleasure of listening to a sermon preached by one of our Old Boys of not so long ago, who is, at present, an Anglican Student of Divinity. Gerald (or "Jerry, as he was affectionately called) Burch.

He spoke earnestly, and with a convincing style which did him justice, of the need the Church has for Christian manhood, stressing the fact that Christianity is a joyous and thrilling religion.

I am sure that it is a matter of great pride to all of us that he is making such a fine start in his worthy profession, and that our good wishes will go forward with him.

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Our first Communion service to be held in the New Chapel took place on the evening of Sunday, February 7th.

It was not a long or involved service, but its very simplicity served to increase its impressiveness, and there was an air about it which could not fail to inspire those who attended.

The Rev. G. O. Lightbourne, minister of the Anglican church in Aurora, and a former Andean who distinguished himself in the Great War, officiated.

In his sermon he explained clearly the origin and meaning of the Lord's Supper.

Dr. Macdonald assisted Mr. Lightbourne during the Communion service which followed.

Although the dispensing of the Communion was carried out, in the main, to conform to Anglican methods, use was made of the individual service, donated by T. A. Gordon, former Head prefect, and members of both the United and Presbyterian Churches received it along with those of the Anglican Church.

T. E. H.

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### CADET CORPS DANCE

One of the most outstanding events of the winter term, was the annual Cadet Corps Dance, held this year on Friday, February 19th.

Thanks to a few of the prefects, we had the privilege of going to Toronto on the afternoon of the dance to escort the young ladies from the city to the college, a privilege appreciated by all very much, and we have hopes that it will be duplicated in future years.

Cars began to arrive about 8.30, and in a short time, the halls and library were thronged with young ladies and their escorts.

Proceeding along the hall which was decorated at intervals with spruce boughs, and gaily coloured balloons, they arrived at the entrance to the dining hall, where they were received by Dr. Macdonald and Mrs. Robinson, who, owing to the illness of Mrs. Macdonald, played the part of hostess, and we might add, made a very successful one. Also receiving with them, was the Captain of the Corps, R. T. Cattle.

The school dining-room was a blaze of colour, decorated with tall evergreens, stationed in the corners of the room, and from whose branches hung many attractive balloons. The Cadets in their scarlet tunics, kilts, and white spats, also lent an atmosphere of gaiety.

The dancing commenced at 8.45, continuing until eleven o'clock, when supper was served in the common rooms and libraries.

After supper the dancing was again resumed, and continued until midnight.

The orchestra, under the able direction of Bill Saunders, deserves a vote of thanks from the school, for the way in which they played. As the strains of the National Anthem died away, the cadets of both Upper Canada and The College, gave a lusty rendering of their respective school yells, thereby proclaiming that another enjoyable dance had drawn to a close.

D. F. C.

**REVIEW AWARDS**

The following awards have been made in the Easter number of THE REVIEW by the editors of the various departments:

Humour—1st, Thompson III, 3 points; 2nd and 3rd, no award.

Science—1st, Robertson, 3 points; 2nd, Donovan, 2 points; 3rd, Adams I, 1 point.

Short Stories—1st, Hethrington, 3 points; 2nd, Mackay, 2 points; 3rd, no award.

Articles—1st, Hethrington, 3 points; 2nd, Mackay, 2 points; 3rd, Parker, 1 point.

Floating Unit—Webster II, 1 point.

Poems—1st, Hethrington, 3 points; 2nd, Cattle, 2 points; 3rd, no award.

School News—1st, Hethrington, 2 points; 2nd, Cousins, 1 point.

Exchanges—1st, Macdonald I, 2 points; 2nd, no award.

Cartoons—1st, no award; 2nd, Hethrington, 1 point.

Snapshots—1st, Thompson I, 2 points; 2nd, Henderson, 1 point.

Athletics—Macdonald I, Shapley, and Bimel, 1 point each.

Jokes—1st, McCausland, 2 points; 2nd, no award.

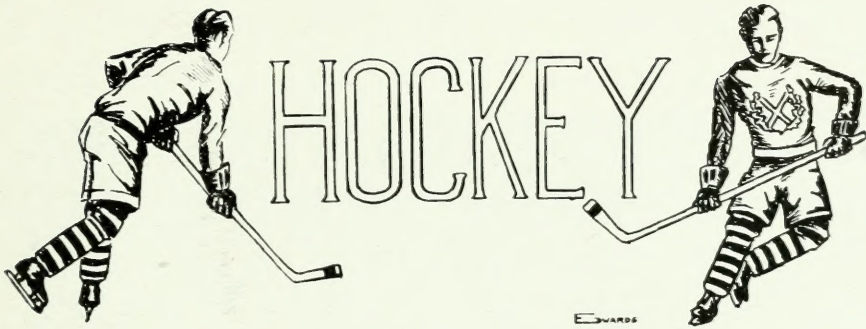


*"Bottoms up!"*

**JAMES McLEAN**

James McLean was born in Toronto on April 25th, 1916. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1929, coming from the Ross Robertson School and entering Form III. In June, 1930, he obtained his promotion to Form IV. In May, 1931, he was taken ill, and went home to recuperate, but his condition did not improve. His work was so well in hand that he obtained his promotion in June, 1931, to Form V, but was not able to return to school, a general sarcoma having developed which carried him off on January 26th, 1932.

Ever active in school sports during his brief school career, and intensely interested in all school undertakings, while working consistently in class, McLean was making an assured place for himself and gave evidence of real promise. His early death has brought sorrow to his classmates and many friends at school, in whose name THE REVIEW tenders very sincere sympathy to his parents.



### FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

We met a cloud of tough luck this season. The lack of ice and therefore experience practically cut us off from hopes of success. This, however, could not dull the spirit of the team and they fought their best. Their pluck and tenacity was greatly in their favour, whatever the score was. As the headmaster said at the Old Boys' Dinner, no matter how good some of the old championship teams were, they could not surpass the present team for "Bulldog tenacity" and "grit".

The following colours have been granted—Young (capt.), Perrin, Forbes, Donnelly, Corson, Qua, Armstrong I, Findlay I, Plaunt, Jennings I, Hughes.

J.G.S.

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### S.A.C. vs. S.M.C.

The opening game of the season was played at the Maple Leaf Gardens with St. Michael's College. This was one of the best games of the year, although St. Mike's came out on the big end of a 5-0 count. Young, Corson, and Forbes, starred for S.A.C.; while Kuntz, Kelly, Sheedy, and McArthur were St. Mike's scorers, Sheedy netting two.

#### First Period

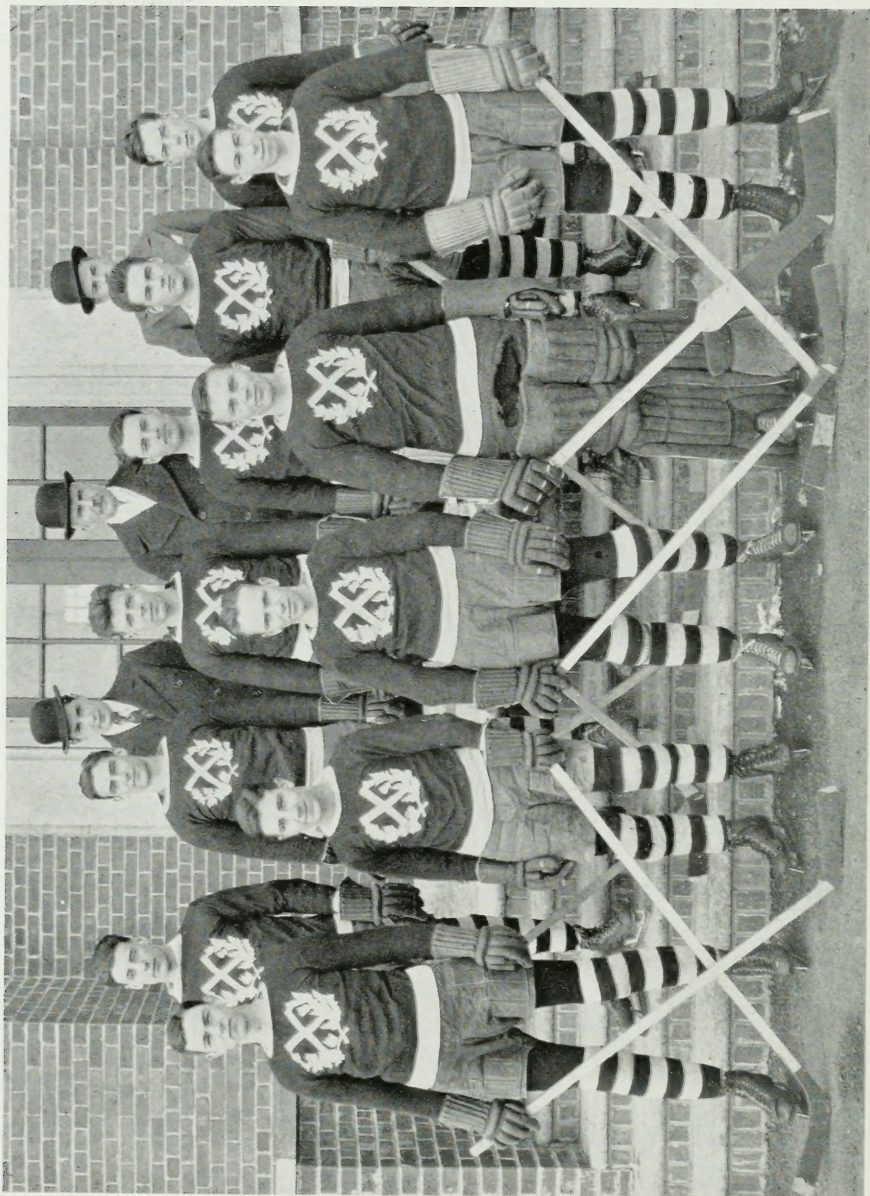
After five minutes of play, Kuntz and Kelly combined to beat Forbes on a great rush, Kelly getting the goal, with Kuntz assisting. A few seconds later Sheedy scored on a lone effort. At this point Findlay hurt his knee badly, which unfortunately kept him out of hockey all season. In mid-period, Kelly, alone, added another for St. Mike's.

#### Second Period

Play was even in this period and no further score resulted.

#### Third Period

In this session, St. Andrew's played purely defensive hockey, playing all men back. This policy worked well till the last quarter of the



THE FIRST TEAM

period, when Sheedy and McArthur each notched one making the score 5-0. Donnelly cracked his head on the ice and was carried off.

#### Penalties

1st Period—S.M.C., Kuntz.

2nd Period—S.A.C., Plaunt.

3rd Period—S.A.C., Perrin; S.M.C., Metz.

E. S. M.

#### 2nd. Game

##### S.A.C. vs. S.M.C.

The second St. Michael's game was played at Aurora on the first of February. The ice was not all that might be hoped for, but it was an interesting game nevertheless. In addition to the supporters from the schools, many Aurora folk came to watch the match.

In the first period our opponents played a brilliant game, fast and hard, and showed proficiency in netting the puck whenever there was a chance of so doing. Forbes played well but the bullet-like shots from the Blue Team were too much for him. The period closed with our rivals leading 5-0.

Evidently the coach instilled new enthusiasm into our team during the intermission, because they came back onto the ice different men. Time and again our forwards would make an attack, only to return disappointed, but not downcast. Soon, however, weight, speed, and experience began to tell, and our opponents banged in two more before the period bell rang, bringing the score to 7-0.

Things looked pretty hopeless at the beginning of the last period, but we hoped to net at least one goal to break the duck's egg. We were disappointed, however, for though Young and his team tried time after time to break through the S.M.C. defence, they obtained chances of scoring but once or twice, and these were so remote that no one can blame them for not tallying. Our visitors succeeded in driving in three more goals, which brought the score up to 10-0.

Another defeat. Still, the team gave all they had and the boys cheered till they were hoarse, so it didn't bring discredit to the School.

The scorers for St. Michael's were: Kelly (twice), Sheedy, McArthur (twice), Kelly, Kuntz (twice), and Metz (twice). P. B. P.

#### THE U.T.S. GAME

Our first game with U.T.S. was held on January 20 at Varsity Arena. At first we thought our chances to win were pretty good, but shortly

after the bell went, U.T.S. scored the first goal. During the first period our opponents scored four times, and only the remarkable work of Forbes kept the score as low.

In the second and third periods the game took a turn for the better; Young scoring three times and Donnelly once. In the end, however, U.T.S. managed to nose us out to the tune of 9 to 4. For St. Andrew's Young, Donnelly and Forbes stood out, while on the attack for U.T.S. Charles Good and Wilson were prominent. J. M. S.

### 2nd Game

Our return game with U.T.S., the last of the Prep. school group, was held in the Aurora rink.

In this game both sides played their hardest and there was a good deal of hard body-checking on both teams. In the first two periods U.T.S. scored three times, and S.A.C. once on a brilliant solo effort on the part of Young. In these two periods the second forward line for S.A.C. had the advantage over the regulars and only missed scoring on numerous occasions by the smallest margin.

In the final period U.T.S. added two more goals to her score. Although St. Andrew's tried hard, it seemed that the game was bound to go against them, especially in the last period when the ice was in very bad condition and spoiling the combination of both teams. J. M. S.

### S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

(First game)

#### First Period

Boerkhart, for U.C.C. opened the scoring with a lone effort after six minutes had elapsed. The play on the whole was even. Forbes played very well, as did Young and Donnelly.

Three minutes before the end Allen scored for the Blue and White, while Qua was in the penalty box. As the bell went Caldwell made it 3-0 for Upper Canada.

#### Second Period

For three-quarters of the period U.C.C. had the edge in play. Boerkhart scored again, assisted by Caldwell, and George also put in one for Upper Canada. In the last five minutes S.A.C. came back strong and deserved two goals at least, which they missed.

#### Third Period

When the last session was two minutes old, Donnelly beat the Upper Canada goalie with a shot from the blue-line. Young played even better

than before and narrowly missed scoring several times. Forbes received a crack in the head but stayed on the ice. Dellis, George, and Allen, got a counter each, making the final score 8-1 for U.C.C.

#### Penalties

1st Period—U.C.C., Boerkhart, George; S.A.C., Qua.

2nd Period—U.C.C., Boerkhart, Lamport; S.A.C., Donnelly, Young.

3rd Period—U.C.C., Corbett; S.A.C., Perrin.

#### Line-up

U.C.C.—Rogers, Wolfe (goal), Corbett, Boerkhart, George, Allen.  
Subs.: Lamport, Dellis, Caldwell, Tatem.

S.A.C.—Forbes (goal), Young, Corson, Plaunt, Perrin, Donnelly.  
Subs.: Pentland, McIver, Hughes, Qua, Jennings I.

E. S. M.

#### 2nd Game

U.C.C.-8; S.A.C.-2

Once again this year our rivals were victorious in a hard-fought but uneven battle for hockey honours.

The first period ended with the score 2-0 in favour of the U.C.C. team, Allen and Dellis pushing in the counters.

Only one goal was counted in the second, this resulting from a rush by Tatem of Upper Canada.

After valiantly holding their opponents down, S.A.C. was unable to keep up the stiff pace and except for Young and Donnelly were forced to ease up. George and then Allen scored early in the period, followed shortly by Lamport who rang up two in succession on well timed solo plays. Here Young stepped into a second high gear and on individual plays scored twice in quick succession for the Scots. Before the final gong Rogers on a pass from George shoved another one past Forbes.

In this game Young for S.A.C. and Lamport for U.C.C. vied for the honours.

R. T. C.

#### ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE vs. AURORA JUNIORS

On the 18th of February, our hockey team played the Aurora Juniors. It was a close, fast game throughout, the final score being 7-6 for our opponents.

In this game the line-up was changed somewhat. Moffat, Donnelly, and Young playing on the first line. The combination of this line was very good.

Moffat scored 3 goals in the first period, after brilliant play-making by Young. These were tied up every time by Aurora. In the next period, we scored twice, while the Aurora team scored only once. We started the third period with a one goal lead, but our opponents scored soon. Again we tallied, and again were tied up. Unfortunately one of our own players, while clearing the puck, allowed it to slip into our net, giving Aurora the winning goal.

The game was fast throughout, and was very exciting. The work of Pentland, our young sub-goal, was very creditable for his age. One of our players (name withheld from publication) in order to test Pentland, scored on him. But, apart from this, our team seemed to know the right goal to shoot at.

I. L. J.

The return game with Aurora was played on Thursday night, the 25th of February. Here the same 7-6 score was repeated. This, like the first game, was fast throughout, although our team did not show so well. Our point makers were: Young and Moffat, two, and Armstrong and Donnelly, one apiece.

The Young, Moffat, Donnelly combination played very well, and had a fine passing attack, which accounted for five of our goals. Towards the end of the game a short fistic argument started, but was soon quieted down. Both teams showed the effect of the lack of practice.

I. L. J.

### PERSONNEL

Young—Captain, centre, the mainstay and backbone of the team who worked hard and well. "Lem" did most of the scoring and assisting. He is a fine player.

Forbes—Old colour, kept his head very well during the season. Though the odd one slipped in, "Tom" deserves great credit on the hard shots and his courage.

Perrin—Old colour, in a couple of the games showed flashes of real hockey. He played his position well, though rather a slow skater.

Donnelly—An excellent skater with a wicked shot. "Grant" played fine hockey throughout the season.

Corson—"Tony" a very good hockey player who went into the game heart and body. "The little 'un" played a fearless game at right wing.

Armstrong—"Geo." was ill at the beginning of the season, but made up for it in the later games. "Lanky" could always be depended upon to play real hockey.

Findlay—"Jock" played excellent hockey until he badly injured his knee in one of the early games, putting him out for the season.

Qua—"Beel" was a fine skater and attacker when he got the puck. He stopped many plays at his position on the defence.

Hughes—"Shorty" had a good check and at right wing played a fine game.

Plaunt—"Curly", the hardened defence player whose body-checking was a treat to watch. "Curly" was a fine asset to the team.

Jennings—"Bill", defence, played hard and consistently through the season and well deserves his colours. J. G. S.

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### THE INDEPENDENTS

The Independents had a very successful year winning every game they played! This game was played against Pickering Independents on Wednesday, February 24th. This year colours were not granted due to lack of ice and the fact that no team was actually picked.

The game was played at Pickering's closed rink under poor ice conditions, the weather being very mild. The wretched ice made good hockey impossible, but S.A.C. seemed to be able to take advantage of the breaks better than Pickering; and due to the strong defence of Evans and Walker, Pickering had few chances to score. What chances they did have were craftily blocked by Young in goal, the score being 7-0.

In the first period after about 12 minutes of play Armstrong I scored with a shot from the blue line, and just before the close of the period scored again in the same manner. In the second period Moffat opened the scoring on a lone rush that gave the Pickering goalie no chance to save, and a few minutes later McIver scored on a pass from Hughes. In this period S.A.C. seemed to work better and got three more goals with McIver, Moffat and Hughes scoring. In the last period there was no scoring, but up to the last bell Pickering were still fighting to avoid a wash-out.

The line-up for S.A.C. consisted of: Young, Walker, Evans, Ellis II, Moffat, Hughes, McIver, Armstrong I, and Hamilton II. M.

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### THE MIDGET HOCKEY TEAM

As the hockey season was very short this year, the Midgets were able to play only two games, the first with Pickering, and the second with De La Salle.

The Pickering game was played rather late in the season as no ice was obtainable earlier. Our players certainly needed some practice

together, and their combination was rather poor. Welcoming their first chance to play hockey this year, however, each one was full of energy, and the game became a series of individual efforts. Smith II succeeded in making one tally, assisted greatly by MacKerrow I, near the end of the first period, but the Pickering players were well practised in passing and the result was 6 to 1 against St. Andrew's.



THE MIDGET TEAM

The next game was played with De La Salle. Our team was more co-operative than before, but it still needed some polish. The game itself was very fast and clean, and much credit is due to both teams although De La Salle won, 5 to 1.

Colours were granted to the following: MacKerrow I (capt.), Smith II, Chapman, Wescott, Flemming, Moorehead II, Green II, and Rowell (goal).  
J. H. F.

### THE BANTAM TEAM

This team played Pickering College on the 9th of February. With McColl and Holton away, and the team lacking practise on account of the scarcity of ice, we were considerably handicapped. Nevertheless,

the team played a good game although forced to accept a 3-1 defeat for S.A.C.

Elliott and Cox II were the most outstanding players, MacKerrow II being prominent when he was on the ice and assisting Elliott in making our lone tally. On the whole the team played a good, passing game and Moore, the opposing net-minder, was called upon to stop many hard shots.



THE BANTAM TEAM

Line-up: Goal, Pentland; Defence L., Adams I; R., Elliott; Forward L., Kilgour; R., Cox II (capt.); Centre, Donovan. Subs.: Centre, Rea; Defence, Brown, Sharp, MacAskill; Forwards, Rea, MacKerrow II; Goal, Christie. Colours were awarded to all but the last two.

W. T. P.

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### LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY

This year St. Andrew's College Lower School team, coached by Mr. Dowden, showed great promise for coming years. Led by their speedy little captain, Holton, they did very well in their only game. The defence was a little weak, owing to lack of practise. Pentland played an excellent game and his experience helped the defence a good

deal. MacKerrow II and McColl combined well with Holton on the forward line but lacked the scoring punch in the game that they gave in practises.

### TRINITY COLLEGE vs. ST. ANDREW'S

At Trinity College the Lower School were up against a much superior team. McColl scored the St. Andrew's goal early in the opening period which rather gave the boys the thought they could slacken up a bit; this proved fatal and MacFarlane, Truax, and Seagram of Trinity quickly notched three goals. In the second period Trinity held St. Andrew's scoreless and scored four themselves. This time Leagram getting 1, Truax getting 2, and Armstrong notching the final goal. The last period both teams played fast and clean hockey, holding each other without procuring a goal.

The line-ups are: T.C.S. Goal, Russell; Defence, Leagram and Smith; Forwards, Armstrong, Truax (capt.), and MacFarlane.

St. Andrew's: Goal, Pentland; Defence, Cox III and Harris; Forwards, Holton, McColl and MacKerrow. Subs.: Armstrong, Thompson III, and Thompson IV.

J. B. M.



THE LOWER SCHOOL TEAM

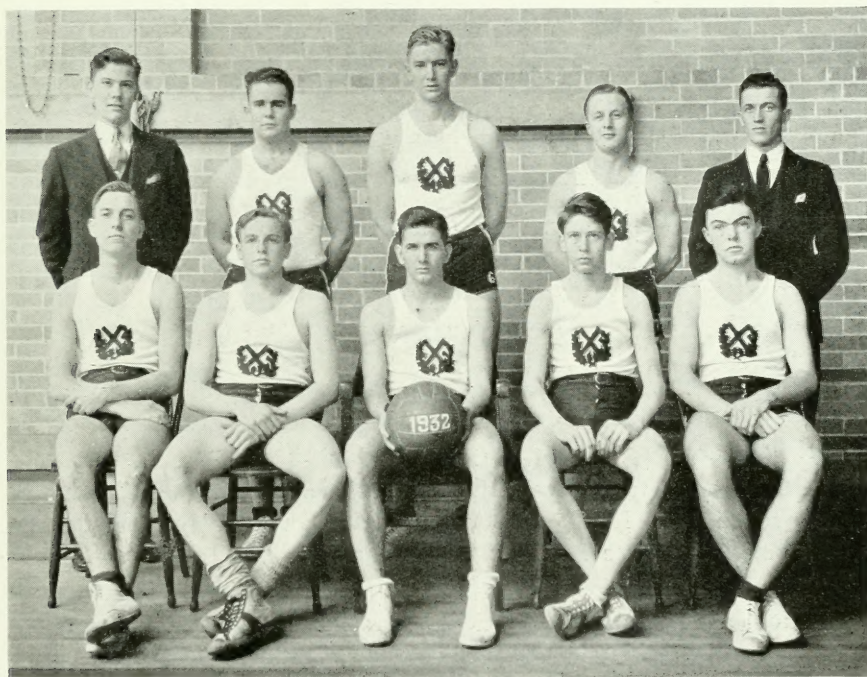


# BASKET- BALL

Edwards



Basketball this year proved very disappointing in view of the fact that there were three old colours back and several newcomers of greater promise. Fortunately, it was a very young team, and all except four players will be back next year. They do, however, deserve every credit for keeping our opponents' scores down and never ceasing to fight until the last whistle had blown.



THE BASKETBALL TEAM

A word of appreciation is due Mr. Griffiths, the coach, for the noticeable improvement in the style of basketball played at the end of the season. His untiring efforts will do much to produce a winning team next year.

The following is a summary of the games.

#### TORONTO AND DISTRICT PREP SCHOOL LEAGUE

- \*Jan. 13—S.A.C. 25; St. Michael's 27.
- Jan. 20—S.A.C. 17; Pickering College 25.
- Jan. 27—S.A.C. 21; U.T.S. 27.
- Feb. S.A.C. 30; St. Michael's 39.
- Feb. 10—S.A.C. 14; U.T.S. 25.
- Feb. 17—S.A.C. 13; Pickering College 17.

#### EXHIBITION GAMES

- Dec. 4—S.A.C. 19; Parkdale Collegiate 11.
- Dec. 10—S.A.C. 18; Aurora Heigh School 14.
- Jan. 11—S.A.C. 30; Aurora Heigh School 14.
- \*Jan. 18—S.A.C. 30; North Coronto Collegiate 33.
- Jan. 30—S.A.C. 47; Ridley College 49.
- Feb. 1—S.A.C. 18; North Toronto Collegiate 12.
- Feb. 6—S.A.C. 18; Sigma Chi Fraternity 29.
- Feb. 13—S.A.C. 35; Ridley College 46.

\*Overtime.

The following colours were granted: Bimel (capt.), Fee, Paulin, Thompson II, Smith II, Mackerrow I, Mackay, Hare, Gow, Vowell.

#### PERSONNEL

"Charlie" Bimel, forward—An old colour and captain of this year's team, did not strike his stride of last year but was invaluable for his experienced advice and capability in handling the team.

"Ed" Fee, centre—A good rebound man at either the offensive or defensive basket. His floor play improved consistently. Ed will be with us again next year.

"Hughie" Paulin, forward—Hugh played his position well and proved to be an excellent defensive man. This was his second year on the first team.

Jack Smith, guard—The defensive general. Short, stocky, fast, and a good shot. The ball-dogging type of player. He pulled the team out of many tight places.

"Mel" Thompson, forward—Scored fairly consistently and a good passer. Master of the "one hand shot". Took great pleasure in "foxing" his opponents.

Mackay, centre—A tall rugged player with an abundance of stamina. Started the season as an alternate, but his aggressiveness secured him a position on the forward line during the latter part of the season.

"Mac" MacKerrow, forward—Handled his position well and turned in some good efforts. "Mac" should be invaluable next year.

"Russ" Hare, guard—Developed into an excellent floor guard. Recovered the ball from the defensive backboard well at all times.

"Howie" Gow, guard—Handles the basketball like a veteran. Passes and shoots with unerring accuracy.

"Bob" Vowell, guard—This was Bob's first year at basketball, yet in spite of his inexperience he upheld his position nobly and worked hard at all times.


C. B.

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### BADMINTON

This year badminton was played by a great number of boys. During the Fall term a singles contest was held. There were over thirty entries. Drennan I was the final winner, having beaten all his opponents by a large margin. Mr. Cowan offered a cup for the winners of the best two boys versus two of the masters. Mr. Cowan and Mr. Crookshank defeated Hamilton II and Drennan I thereby retaining the cup. Plans are being made at the present time for a competition with Pickering. It is expected that there will be some excellent games.

P. S. T.



# CRICKET



ETWARDS

The Cricket season, as far as indoor practice is concerned, has been under way now for a few weeks.

The number of old Colours back is not numerous, but the amount of material available and the keenness displayed is very encouraging.

Experience has shown that the younger players, who are keen and anxious to try out for their place on the side, acquit themselves every bit as well as old Colours as a rule, the latter frequently assuming that the goal has been reached and there is little else to learn. Upwards of forty boys are on the roll, who will be tried out for the first team.

We shall have the usual number of games this year, devoting the month of May to meeting various Toronto clubs.

In connection with the various Toronto clubs which we meet, the practice which we receive in these games forms the foundation of experience so necessary in the case of new players; it is gratifying also to note, in this regard, that the players from these various Toronto teams utilize their greater experience for the benefit of considerably helping the boys—the results of the games in all cases being secondary.

Harry Davis as usual is coaching the side and has already much promising material at his disposal.

It is to be hoped that an early spring may take us out of doors earlier than usual.

Mr. O'Sullivan, as usual, also, is the master concerned with First Team activities.

## NOVICE BOXING TOURNAMENT

158 lbs.—The first bout with Sinclair and Robertson proved rather dull in spots, but Sinclair with more experience came out on top, though Robertson made his presence felt.

158 lbs.—Smith II and Shock together gave a fiery showing of boxing. After three close rounds and an extra two minutes the decision was a draw.

115 lbs.—Drennan II and Mitchell put up a fairly good bout. Drennan, being older, won by a good margin though Mitchell did not lack a good punch.

105 lbs.—MacAskill, with much aggressiveness, overcame Jarvis I in their three rounds. On the whole it was a good bout.

95 lbs.—Harris showed excellent form in defeating Allespach I. Allespach fought gamely and it was by no means a one-sided match.

75 lbs.—Allespach II overcame Gripton in a very interesting little bout. Both will do something in this sport when they grow a little older.

65 lbs.—Jarvis II was able to get the decision over Marlatt though the bout was not unequal.

Exhibition—Martin vs. Heintzman. The two molecules of the school gave a very interesting 60 lb. match. The judges, being non-plussed, decided on a draw.

Heavyweight—Evans vs. Thompson II. Thompson began aggressively, with Evans a bit bewildered. Evans came up, however, and after an exhibition of slugging came out to win by a small margin.

95 lbs.—Armstrong II, showing very good form, won over Thompson IV. Thompson showed determined aggressiveness but Armstrong was steadier.

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## ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

### Preliminary Boxing

85 lbs.—Armstrong won from Jarvis II by a good margin. Armstrong used a good left, though Jarvis was aggressive.

125 lbs.—Moorehead, with more science and experience, overcame Cameron in a good exhibition of boxing.

135 lbs.—Chapman defeated Pipe by a fair margin. Chapman was steady, aggressive, and has boxing knowledge in his head.

Heavyweight—Evans and Fee were very even until the very last. The bout was a good one, both getting into it and showing great spirit.

## FINALS

The finals in fencing, wrestling, and boxing were held on March 12th this year, from which many good bouts developed, especially when

the mitts were put on. The afternoon began with the senior fencing between Choppin and Hamilton I, which was a good exhibition of the art of handling the foil, but the points were a little one-sided when Choppin claimed five points against Hamilton's no score.

### **Wrestling**

Next followed the wrestling bouts, which were a little slow this year when taken altogether. The two best bouts which were of the greatest interest were between Cox I and Thompson II in the heavyweight, Cox winning by a time advantage of 2 mins. 7 secs.; and the 145 lb. class between Drennan I and Vowell, Drennan winning by a time advantage of 1 min. and 45 secs.

75 lb.—Blair defeated Allespach II in a quickly accomplished bout in 17 seconds.

85 lb.—MacKerrow II defeated Allespach I, winning an interesting match handily.

95 lb.—Armstrong II defeated Thompson IV in a bout which was even till Armstrong pinned his opponent.

115 lb.—Russell defeated Rea in a short, sharp tussle, both very determined.

125 lb.—Moorehead I defeated Macdonald II in a merry bout, punctuated with flying tackles by Macdonald.

145 lb.—Drennan I defeated Vowell.

158 lb.—Cox I defeated Neal after a rough tussle, Neal putting up a good fight.

Heavyweight—Cox I defeated Thompson II. Cox is to be congratulated on his splendid day's work of winning his wrestling and one boxing match.

### **Boxing**

55 lb class—Martin defeated Heintzman in a very interesting paper-weight bout.

75 lb. class—Blair defeated Marlatt in a loosely-fought bout. Marlatt seemed to have difficulty in landing his blows.

85 lb. class—MacKerrow II and Armstrong II put up a very even and smart match, but MacKerrow had the edge to win.

115 lb. class—Donovan defeated Drennan II. The bout was stopped in the first round.

125 lb. class—MacKerrow I defeated Moorehead II in a sharp, hard-hitting match which was a treat to watch.

135 lb. class—Moffat defeated Chapman in one of the best bouts of the day. Hard hitting and good placing of punches were notable.

158 lb. class—Cox I defeated Jennings II. This item was a great exhibition of slugging and hard hitting.

Heavyweight—Preliminary—Graham II defeated Thompson II in a splendid match, giving Graham the right to meet Evans for school championship.

Heavyweight—Final—Graham II defeated Evans in a very close and aggressive fight. Graham deserves great credit for winning his two fiery bouts and the school championship in one day.

J. G. S.

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### SKI-ING

That sport which has become so increasingly popular at St. Andrew's College, and indeed, in Canada as a whole, these last few years, the sport of ski-ing, was rather a washout this year, both literally and figuratively speaking. We were not favoured with our usual abundance of the white fluffy substance this "winter" to get very much enjoyment out of attaching the "hickories" for a downhill run.

In all, there were but about four days that could be called ideal in any sense of the word. However, those who like the sport enough found that two or three other days were passable. Several of the boys managed to gain much fun and knowledge from a few trips to the Summit Golf Club, where the Toronto Ski Club has its headquarters.

Next year, however, we are hoping to make up for our loss of this year with a real "roarin' " winter, just chucked full of ski-ing.

W. G. J.





# OLD BOYS' NEWS

This year the Old Boys' Dinner was held on the 30th of January in the Roof Garden of the Royal York Hotel, about 300 being present. The excellent meal and attentive service spoke well for the Committee's excellent arrangements. Rolph and Don Carlos were the genial hosts, and Masters and "Boys" were soon fraternizing as old friends. Apparently one must be out of school to appreciate the masters and their efforts! The Headmaster's was the only speech, and in it he rightly denied any rumours that may have been drifting about to the effect that the school's position, the old school spirit, or the fighting spirit of our teams were not as strong as in the halcyon days when any of the Old Boys present had attended as students. This had been preceded by toasts to the King and to the School; and after being entertained with professional boxing and wrestling bouts, incited almost to ferocity by a female impersonator, the gathering began to disperse.

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'04. Russell T. Meikle is a member of the executive of the Municipal of Ontario. Also he is Clerk and Treasurer of the Municipality of Shuniah.

'07. Colonel Robert Gill has opened a law office in the Fulford building, 2 Court House Ave., Brockville.

'09. The Grew Boat & Equipment Co. Ltd., Jackson's Point, Ontario, Manufacturers of Dinghies, Rowboats, and Canoes, has been started under the managership of Clarence A. Kemp.

'10. William Reginald Shaw, has been elected to the Toronto Board of Education for the year 1932.

Once more Judge John F. McKinley is to be congratulated. This time on being made Chairman of the re-organized Ontario parole board.

'11—S. H. Crawford has been appointed Branch Manager of the second branch office of the Manufacturers Life Insurance Co. Crawford is one of the Company's largest producers, and is well regarded among the younger business men of Toronto.

'12. We extend congratulations to Denton Massey on the wonderful success of the York Bible Class. At the rally held before Christmas in the Maple Leaf Gardens, thousands of people were unable to obtain admittance, and this in spite of a drizzling rain. It was a remarkable gathering, and its very largeness should give food for reflection. The attendance was certainly an immense tribute to Mr. Massey's outstanding personality.

'14. We are glad to hear that Lionel Munn has qualified for membership in the Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada, Waterloo. This is one of the highest honours a member of the Mutual Life Assurance field force can earn.

'17. We extend congratulations to R. D. Munn on the success he is having in announcing the services of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, St. John's, Nfld. He has been called the "Prince of Announcers."

'20. Nimmo Mitchell has been re-elected President of Court Million Dollar Club, Independent Order of Foresters, at their annual meeting.

'21. Arnold Cook has been travelling abroad, having spent Christmas Day on a walking tour outside of Athens, afterwards going on to Cairo.

'22. Ben Sieling is in charge of the Knechtel Furniture plant at Southampton.

The Gravenhurst Indians, an intermediate hockey team coached by Bruce Findlay, have reached the semi-finals of the O.H.A. Up to the time of going to press, their luck has held out, and we trust that it will continue.

THE REVIEW extends sincere sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Allan G. Findlay on the loss of their infant son, Allan Gilmour, on Tuesday, February 23rd, 1932.

'23. Fred Munn is now with the Guatamala Branch of the Confederation Life Association in Mexico.

'25. Ted Smart is with the Dominion Securities Corporation.

'26. This year Harry Whitehead has been awarded the Faculty of Medicine cane, which is the highest athletic award in the Faculty.

We hear that Walter Lumbers is going out to Winnipeg to look after the interests of the Orange Crush Co.

'27. George A. Reid is attending Edinburgh University.

'28. J. H. Murphy (Queen's University) transferred to Arts at Christmas time. He has played hockey on the Intermediate team.

A few weeks ago, Carlos Giraldo was sent to one of the Highway camps in the vicinity of Fort William, as teacher for the Frontier College.

'29. Peter Spence played junior rugby for R.M.C. last autumn.

Rolph S. Grant has won his "blue" for Cambridge University in football. Also he was selected as goalkeeper for the Cantabs in the Oxford-Cambridge annual football match, which took place on December 10th. He spent his Christmas holidays touring with their first team in Scotland.

"Rolph Grant may be England's goalkeeper in the Amateur International Match against Wales. . . Backed by many critics who have already mentioned him as a strong candidate for the highest of honours, the progress of this brilliant young man is remarkable. . . When Grant went up to Cambridge in 1930 he had no particular intention of becoming a goalkeeper; but one day he filled this position with such success that he was persuaded to keep goal regularly. . . One day Grant was invited to fill a vacancy in the Corinthian team against Aldenham School. Grant grasped his chance with such purpose that he received a further invitation to keep goal for the Corinthians against Cambridge University, a match in which he played brilliantly.

Then came a serious set-back, an injury to his knee necessitating the removal of a cartilage. By February he had recovered to the extent of playing for Corinthians against the Army and the Northern Nomads with sufficient success to receive an invitation to tour Switzerland with them. The tour was not very successful from Grant's point of view, an early injury keeping him out of the team for the greater part of the trip.

Though Grant played a number of matches for the Corinthians in the 1930-31 season, it was not until last season that he received the honour of being elected a member of the Corinthian Club. 'Many are called but few are chosen,' suitably describes the position of aspirants for Corinthian membership. The Corinthian Football Club is the most exclusive club of its kind in the world. Membership is limited each year to forty members, all of whom are selected with utmost care, only those of outstanding ability being considered.

It was not until Grant had played a number of matches for the Corinthians that he displaced . . . the Cambridge goal. If ever a man 'played himself into a team,' it was Grant. . . So brilliantly did the Trinidadian play . . . that his selection for the Inter-'Varsity match was a matter of course . . . Grant's steadier and sounder play may turn the balance in his favour. . . If Grant figures in the Queen's Park and Sheffield United Cup Matches, he will be in full view of the Amateur International Selection Committee and good performances would no doubt secure for him at least an International Trial. The Tottenham Hotspur Football Club . . . invited him to use their ground as his training headquarters, placing their staff at his disposal; an invitation which was gladly accepted.

George Hardy, the Spur's trainer, through whose hands many famous players have passed, was very favourably impressed and predicted a bright future for Grant. . . 'Physically endowed for goalkeeping, keenness for learning, he realizes the value of using his head and there seems to be no chance of wrecking his career like so many promising youngsters through that fatal disease which necessitates an out-size in hats.' Time will show if success is to favour Rolph Grant and to account him the first international football player from Trinidad."

—Reprinted from the *Sunday Guardian* for January 17, 1932.

'30. Caven Kelly was playing centre for the R.M.C. intermediates until he received an injury to his shoulder.

John Parker is a member of the Queen's debating team. He was one of the debaters when McGill upheld "Resolved that the growth of Nationalism is retarding world recovery."

E. H. Sinclair has been representing the University of Toronto in the boxing tournaments this winter.

E. B. Duncan is Teller in the Bank of Montreal in Brantford.

'31. J. C. Kingston is studying Oil at the Colorado School of Mining. George S. James is with one of the A. & P. stores in Toronto.

Tommy Gordon played Centre on the McGill Junior Hockey Team, and Ken Findlay ('31) played on his Fraternity Team.

THE REVIEW is sorry to hear of "Tony" Burns' illness and hopes that he will soon be all right again.

We are sure that all Andreans have been watching with interest the triumphant progress of the Nationals in the Senior O.H.A. Our four old boys, Lough, Nugent, Mueller, and Ross Paul have done much toward gaining the victory. THE REVIEW extends its congratulations to Harry Watson and his championship team.

### MARRIAGES

'16. DACK—DARLING—At Brantford, Ontario, on Thursday, February 18th, 1932, Norma May, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Darling, Durham, Ontario, to John Oldham Dack, son of Robert Dack and the late Mrs. Robert Dack, San Marino, California.

'17—YUILL—VAN BOSKIRK—On January 27th Miss Margery Elizabeth Van Boskirk to J. Harlan Yuill of Medicine Hat.

'21. CROWTHER—CRAW—At Knox College Chapel, Toronto, on Saturday, December 26th, 1931, Margaret Wilson, only daughter of Mrs. Crow and the late Rev. William Wilson Crow, M.A., Ph.D., to Dr. Thomas Albert Crowther, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crowther, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario.

'23. STOLLMAYER—NEWBOLD—On February 13th, 1932, Chas. Victor Rex Stollmeyer was married to Miss Marjorie Newbold.

'28. PIGGOTT—MCVEAN—On Saturday, February 20th, 1932, Miss Katherine Grace McVean, to Gordon John Piggott of Chatham.

HEGGIE—STRICKLAND—On Friday, January 8th, Miss Muriel Samson Strickland of Lakefield, Ontario, to Hubert L. Heggie.

### BIRTHS

'06. RAMSAY—At the Private Patients' Pavilion, Tuesday, February 2nd, 1932, to the wife of Alexander Meredith Ramsay, a daughter.

'10. BRADSHAW—At the Private Patients' Pavilion, on Tuesday, February 2nd, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. Melville A. Bradshaw, a son.

'16. WATSON—At Private Patients' Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, Wednesday, February 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Watson, a daughter.

FIRSTBROOK—On Tuesday, February 23rd, at the Wellesley Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Firstbrook, a daughter.

'19. RENDALL—To Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Rendell on Sunday, February 7th, at Private Patients' Pavilion, a daughter (Dawn Elizabeth).

'21. EARLE—At Wellesley Hospital, Monday, December 28th, 1931, to Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Earle, a son.

'22. BULLOCK—At the Private Patients' Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, Wednesday, December 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Bullock, a son.

GALLAGHER—On October 13th, 1931, to Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Gallagher, a son (John Edward).

MILNE—At the Private Patients' Pavilion, on Monday, February 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Manson Milne of Port Nelson, Ontario, a son.

KING—On Saturday, February 6th, at the Private Patients' Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce B. King, a daughter (Diana).

FINDLEY—On January 23rd, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. Allan G. Findley, birth of a son.

'23. EASTON—At Lowville, New York, to Mr. and Mrs. William L. Easton, a son.

REID—On Sunday, February 21st, 1932, at the Private Patients' Pavilion, to Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Reid, a son.

### OBITUARY

COTTON, JAMES DOUGLAS was born in Toronto on October 28th, 1885. He came to St. Andrew's College in September, 1901, entering the Third Form. He obtained his promotions regularly and left in February, 1905, to enter the Dominion Bank. On the outbreak of War in 1914, Cotton joined the First Canadian Contingent, going to Valcartier with the Queen's Own Rifles Machine Gun Squad, as Lance-Corporal. In June, 1915, he was invalided home, after being wounded in an engagement where he was the only member of the group to survive. By this time he had obtained his Lieutenancy. In December, 1915, he returned to the Front as Captain with the 95th Battalion. He saw continuous service with the First Battalion, and later with the Canadian Trench Mortar Battery until July, 1917, when he returned to Canada, being invalided home after a second wound. Later he obtained employment with the Provincial Highways and the Engineering Department of the City of Toronto. On Sunday, January 31st, 1932, he died at Grace Hospital after a brief illness from pneumonia.

"Doug Cotton" filled a big place in the life of the school while he was in attendance. He early won all his First Team Colours, was the "Kicking Half" on a famous Football Team, and no mean forward on the great Hockey Team which were runners up in the Junior O.H.A.

Lovable, easy going, generous in his friendships, and possessing unusual athletic ability, Cotton was thoroughly popular in his school days, and was a leader in the school. His excellent War record was arduous and of long duration. Many boys of the "Old Guard" will learn with sorrow that he has passed his way to the great beyond.

HASTINGS, VICTOR JOHN was born in Winnipeg on July 2nd, 1887. He came to St. Andrew's College in September, 1906, entering the Matriculation Form and taking the McGill Matriculation in June, 1907. Following his school days, Hastings spent some time at the University and Osgoode Hall, at which time he joined the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity. He returned to Winnipeg to enter business, and in 1910 was a member of the Winnipeg Rowing crew which won the Manitoba Championship.

In August, 1914, he joined the 16th Battalion on the outbreak of War and went overseas with them as a Lieutenant. At the battle of Lange-

marck in 1915 he won his Captaincy and was awarded the Military Cross for his work. However, he was badly gassed and was sent home on sick leave. He returned to England later in the year, and after serving on the Staff at Folkstone for a period returned early in 1916 to his old Battalion as Major. On July 7th, 1916, he succeeded to the command of the Battalion. He was mentioned three times in despatches. A month after receiving his command, while at the Ypres salient, he received serious gunshot wounds in the chest, and was in the hospital at Boulogne. On being discharged from hospital he served on the personal staff of General Turner of Canadian Headquarters in London, and was there awarded the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

After the War Hastings spent some years with the Dominion Malleable Co., in England, returning eventually to Canada where he became interested in the development of the Turner Oil Fields. Later he formed and managed the brokerage house of Gage, Evans & Spencer, Winnipeg, but owing to ill health was forced to withdraw from active business.

In 1927 he married Miss Alpaugh of Fergus, Ontario.

Last summer he complained of pain in his hip and lung and he had difficulty in walking. He went to Montreal in August to have a piece of shrapnel removed from his lung. It was discovered that the shrapnel was too embedded in lung tissue to be removed, and that cancerous growth had developed, the malignancy having entered the blood stream.

Early in September Colonel Hastings returned to Winnipeg and was confined to his bed until his death on January 11th, 1932. At the beginning of October he was informed of the serious nature of his illness, and on learning that he had but a few months to live, he merely remarked, "My best friends died beside me in France and if I have survived them for fifteen years, I have no kick coming." Thus spoke a true soldier. Throughout all the following weeks of intense suffering he never complained and always greeted his friends with a smile of cheer.

Those of us who knew him in his school days as a bright, cheerful, loyal, and efficient lad, possessed of ability to think clearly and see straightly, are not surprised to learn of the quiet heroism of his final days, for it was "Vic" Hasting's way.

The hearts of many old Andreans will be sorrowful at the passing of a loved companion of the happy days of 1907. Throughout his life, in action and in rest, in happiness and in suffering, he carried on to the very end in the spirit of his school motto, "Quit ye like men. Be strong," counsel given by the Great Apostle, himself a sufferer, to his children of the spirit.

To his wife and family THE REVIEW would express the sympathy of the old school in their time of sorrow. In the passing of "Vic" Hastings one of our "great" has gone on before.



# Exchanges

In this issue of the REVIEW, we have inaugurated a column composed of comment on us, which, we believe, will enable us to get the impartial view which is always necessary in avoiding narrow superiority.

It is with a sense of fulfilling a long felt want, that we reprint in this issue, some of the choicest humour to be found within the pages of our contemporaries. An exchange department should be something more than a mere listing of periodicals. If it is not broadened out to include the ideas of others, it defeats its own purpose.

A college magazine which does not include an exchange department is lacking the unquestionable advantages of outside opinion. A magazine which pays no attention to its exchange department is blinding itself to that opinion.

We cannot count our publication superior to any other until we have given that other a fair trial, after which we may see how sadly ours is lacking by comparison.

I only wish that some of the criticisms made about us were not so flattering, although we hope we are worthy of them.

The truth, even when it hurts, is what we need to maintain an enviable standard among college magazines.

## AS WE SEE OTHERS

*B.C.S.*—The Bishop's College School Magazine. Undoubtedly one of our finest exchanges, every department is well done. Some of the poems show marked originality.

*The Carillon*—Ottawa Tech. Your Year Book is an attractive, and well-organized publication, and must represent much time and thought.

*Red and Grey*—Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan. It is certainly a pleasure to hear from you, especially as we have with us one of your Old Boys. Your excellent pictures are self explanatory; and your humour, an excerpt of which we have reprinted, deserves a good deal of praise.

*The Twig*—U.T.S. A magazine which treats every phase of school life fully. The different forms are to be congratulated on their respective sections.

*The Trinity College School Record.* As usual, a very complete magazine as far as school matters are concerned. How about a few comments on Exchanges?

*Black and Gold*—St. John's College, Winnipeg. Your literary section is good, what there is of it.

*Acta Ridlèiana*—Ridley College. The school news is rather too prominent, while the Literary section is negligible.

*The Oracle*—Fort William Collegiate. Very strikingly, if somewhat extravagantly produced; a little too much space devoted to the students and graduates. However, we realize that it is a special number.

*The Limit*—Loughborough College, England. All that the name implies, and a little more. Mention must be made of this periodical solely because of the clever satirical vein which runs through it from beginning to end.

We also gratefully acknowledge the following, and regret that time does not permit comment:

*The Mitre*—University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que.

*Lower Canada College Magazine*—Lower Canada College, Montreal.

*Managra*—Manitoba Agricultural College.

*The Vulcan*—Central Technical School, Toronto.

*The Wolfrunian*—Wolverhampton School, England.

*The Wrekinian*—Wrekin College, Wellington, Shropshire, England.

*The Harrovian*—Harrow School, England.

*The Tollingtonian*—Tollington School, England.

*The School Magazine*—Uppingham School, England.

*The Eagle*—Bedford Modern School, Bedford, England.

*The Grove Chronicle*—Lakefield Prep School, Lakefield, Ont.

*The Hermes Salt Shaker*—Naunta Coll. Ins. Saskatoon, Sask.

*R.M.C. Review*—Royal Military College, Kingston.

*The Tech Flash*—Nova Scotia Technical School, Halifax, N.S.

*Acadia Athenaeum*—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

*The Ashburian*—Ashbury College, Ottawa.

*The Junior Journal*—Princeton County Day School, Princeton, N.J.

*Trinity University Review*—U. of T., Toronto.

*University of Toronto Monthly*—Toronto.



The St. Andrew's College REVIEW, from Aurora, Ont., is with us again. We number the Editor-in-chief among our former graduates. The striking feature of this publication is the pleasing make-up it affects. The literary department is of its usual high order. The *Macabre Star* shows originality. We envy your expensive style.

—*Acadia Athenaeum.*

Your well-balanced magazine is one of our best exchanges.

—*The Carillon.*

This is a real book for a boys' college. Your short stories are all that could be desired. The sports are very well written. A few more cartoons would help.

—*The Oracle.*

---

### "LAUGHTER, LEARNT OF FRIENDS. . ."

*Rupert Brooke*

"May I see the captain?" enquired a young girl.

"He's forward, Miss", replied the first mate.

"Oh I'm not afraid", she replied, "I've been out with boys from the Ottawa Tech!"

—*The Carillon, Ottawa Technical School.*

---

A man pushed in front of a woman in a long queue, and then, turning around, happened to see the expression on her face.

"Don't look at me as though you were going to eat me," he said.

"I'm not," said the woman, "I'm a Jewess."

—*Lower Canada College Magazine.*

SOUP: "Time flies."

FISH: 'You can't; they go too fast.

—*Id.*

---

"This here house, sir, is where Katherine of Aragon was bitten by a mad dog," explained the unofficial guide.

"Tudor, eh?" said the tourist.

"Oh yes, sir,—something terrible I should think."

—*Id.*

---

"Will you give me ten cents to help the Old Ladies' Home?"

"What, are they out again?"

—*Managra*, Man. Agricultural College.

---

FIRST STUDENT: "Wake up!"

SECOND DITTO: "Can't."

FIRST DITTO: "Why not?"

SECOND DITTO: "Not asleep!"

—*The Limit*, Loughborough College, Eng.

---

"I hate good-looking boys; they are so conceited."

"But I'm not conceited."

—*Black and Gold*, St. John's College, Winn., Man.

---

IMPASSIONED ORATOR: "All that I am I owe to my mother!"

VOICE IN THE REAR: "Why don't you send her thirty cents and square the account!"

—*Red and Grey*, Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan.

---

"Two worms fought in dead earnest."

"Poor Ernest!"

—*Red and Grey*, Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan.

---

SHE: "Getting mighty cold, isn't it?"

HE (reflectively): "Winter draws on."

SHE: "Sir!"

—*Wisconsin Octopus* (Tech Flash, N.S. Tech. Sch., Halifax, N.S.)

---

COP: "No parking, you can't loaf along this road."

VOICE WITHIN THE CAR: "Who's loafin'?"

—*Acadia Athenaeum*, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

# MIRTHQUAKES

MR. FINDLAY: "If a group of sheep is a flock, and a group of cattle a herd, what is the name for a group of camels?"

WALKER: "A carton, sir."

MR. COWAN: "Noble, what is on the outside of trees?"

NOBLE: "I don't know."

MR. COWAN: "Bark, lad, bark!"

NOBLE: "Bow, wow, wow."

Adam's rib made the first "all-talkie."

The influence of gangster films has shown its effects, not only upon the children but adults as well.

Schoolmasters now say, "Stick 'em up!" when they want their pupils to signify that they know an answer.

MOTHER: "Come, sonny, the sandman is coming; you must go to bed."

OFFSPRING: "Gee, Mom, if you will give me a nickle, I won't tell Pop."

MR. COWAN: "Suppose my head represents the planet Mars. Are there any questions before I proceed?"

CLEMENT I: "Yes, sir, is Mars inhabited?"

MR. GRIFFITHS (to football team): "And remember that football develops individuality, initiative, and leadership. Now get in here and do exactly as I tell you."

MISS BROOKS: Whom did you have in here while I was out?

MISS BROOKS II: Oh, just Miss Sterling.

MISS BROOKS: Well, tell her she left her tobacco pouch on the radio.

Mr. O'Sullivan claims that in India the elephants swim with nothing on but their trunks.

Robertson, coming upon a youthful angler sitting on the bank of a stream, thus addressed him: "Adolescent, art thou not endeavouring to entice the finny tribe to engulf in their denticulated mouths a barbed hook, upon whose point is affixed a dainty allurements?"

"No," said the boy, "I'm a-fishin'."

---

MR. LAIDLAW: "Who is the Speaker of the House?"

WEBSTER II: "Mother."

---

MACDONALD I (at the table): "My plate's damp."

MAID: "Why that's the soup."

---

MCLEAN: "What kind of dog is that?"

FOWLER: "He's a water-tight dog."

MCLEAN: "What do you mean water-tight?"

FOWLER: "Well, his mother was a water spaniel and his father was a Scotch terrier."

---

EVANS: "Give me a sentence using the word tennis."

MOFFATT: "Tennis five times two."

---

BARBER: "Your hair is getting thin on the top. Did you ever try our Miracle Hair-growine?"

FOX: "Oh, no, it wasn't that that did it."

---

FIRST HERRING: "Why don't you take better care of your brother?"

SECOND HERRING: "Why should I? Am I my brother's kipper?"

---

GRAHAM II: "Shall I take you to the zoo?"

THOMPSON II: "No. If they want me they'll come for me."

---

MR. FINDLAY: "Parse kiss."

FLEMMING: "Kiss is a noun, used as a conjunction, seldom declined, always plural, agrees with most people, and is more common than proper."

---

PONSFORD (to Hughes): "Whenever you lose your temper, never fight until you have counted up to one."

---

"Papa, I'm learning to save. To-day I ran all the way to school behind a street car."

"Vell, der nexd time you run maybe behind a taxi and save some more."

It is rumoured that Thompson II bought two seats, for comfort's sake, at a hockey game and found they were on opposite sides of the arena.

NOBLE (romantically): "I could dance on like this forever."

PARTNER: "Don't say that, you're bound to improve."

"LET'S SEE WHAT  
DID I DO NEXT?"



CAESAR



The Beginning of Many of our Troubles

You can't drive a nail with a sponge, no matter how many times you soak it.

---

MISS STERLING (to Aurora butcher): "I would like a chicken please."

BUTCHER: "Do you want a pullet, ma'am?"

MISS STERLING: "No, I want to carry it."

---

MOFFAT: "When I was a little boy your age I didn't tell lies."

SLINGSBY: "When did you start?"

---

WE DISLIKE: MR.	HATFIELD
MR.	ROBINSON
MR.	GOODMAN
MR.	MAGEE
MR.	COWAN
CAPT.	YOUNG
MR.	GRIFFITHS
MR.	CROOKSHANK

---

### LOWER SCHOOL MIRTHQUAKES

SHE (awkward dancer at Cadet Corps AT HOME): This dance floor is certainly slippery.

ADAMS I: It isn't the dance floor. I just had my shoes shined.

---

Kilgour thinks the aim in life of most girls is to make him stop, look, and loosen.

---

CAPTAIN YOUNG: There were quite a number of pulchritudinous girls at the dance, weren't there?

McCOLL: What difference does that make so long as they're good looking?

---

HOLTON: Now, don't get angry just because Elliott likes to talk about how good a runner he was at Exeter.

THOMPSON III: Yeah, but he's kept up a running conversation all day.

---

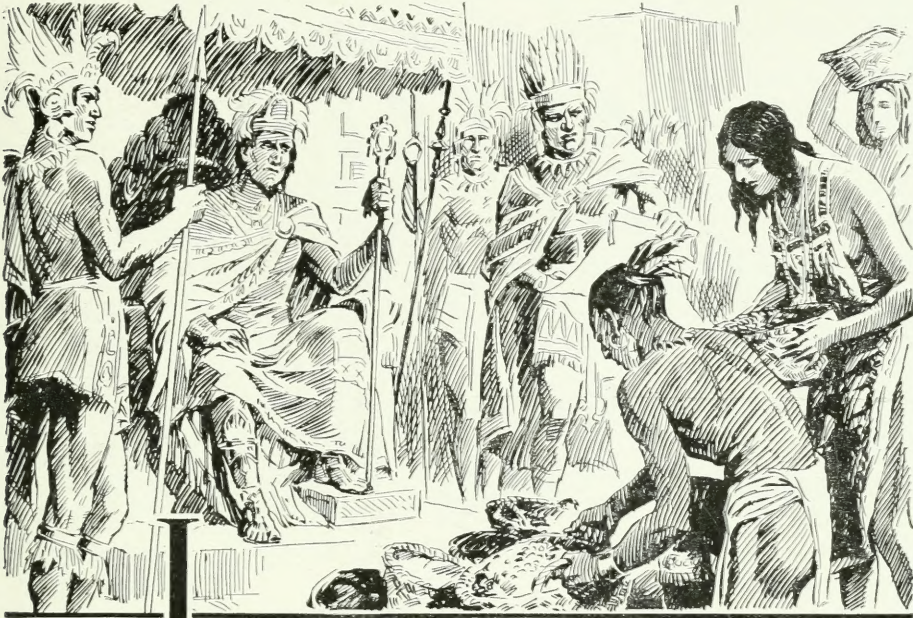
FINLAY: Is Pentland a good billiard player?

RUSSELL: Yes, he's wonderful on the cushions.

---

HETHRINGTON: People will look at my next skit with open mouths.

DONOVAN: Yes, it's pretty hard for them to yawn with their mouths closed.



# In..... Montezuma's Day Cocoa Beans *were used as Money*

THE value of the cocoa bean was appreciated in Mexico long before the discovery of America. The Spaniard found there a beverage, known in Aztec as "chocolate"—from choco (cocoa) and lath (water). The Emperor Montezuma was exceedingly fond of it and is said to have consumed many jars or pitchers daily himself and his household 2,000 jars.

Cocoa beans in sacks containing a specified number were used as currency for the payment of taxes, purchase of slaves, etc. In fact the Aztecs valued the cocoa beans even more highly than gold.

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<i>I'm a Dreamer</i> .....	STRAITH II
<i>Horses, Horses!</i> .....	McCOLL
<i>I Know Where the Flies Go</i> .....	MITCHELL
<i>Why?</i> .....	HENDERSON
<i>Was That the Human Thing to Do?</i> .....	McDOWELL
<i>Daisy, Daisy—Telling it to the Daisies</i> .....	SWEEZEY
<i>I Don't Know Why</i> .....	PUDDICOMBE
<i>Hello, Beautiful!</i> .....	KILGOUR
<i>Yes, We Have No Bananas—Potatoes are Cheaper</i> .....	PENTLAND
<i>The Cat and the Fiddle</i> .....	ARMSTRONG II AND HARRIS
<i>Egyptianella—The Song of India</i> .....	COX II
<i>I Miss My Swiss</i> .....	ALLESBACH II
<i>I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles</i> .....	HOLTON
<i>When I'm the President</i> .....	ELLIOTT
<i>St. James' Infirmary</i> .....	McEACHREN
<i>Sonny Boy</i> .....	GRIPTON
<i>Old Man Sunshine</i> .....	THOMPSON IV
<i>Just a Little Closer</i> .....	COX III
<i>Beside an Open Fire-place</i> .....	MACDONALD IV
<i>My Hero</i> .....	JARVIS I
<i>From Out of Nowhere</i> .....	MARLATT
<i>Mr. Radio Man</i> .....	ADAMS I
<i>Hello, Montreal!</i> .....	BROWN
<i>Down on the Farm</i> .....	SHARP
<i>That's My Baby</i> .....	ADAMS II
<i>Piccolo Pete</i> .....	RUSSELL
<i>Kitten on the Keys</i> .....	HEINTZMAN
<i>Sweet and Lovely</i> .....	REA
<i>Come to Me</i> .....	MR. DOWDEN
<i>Tea for Two</i> .....	CAPT. YOUNG
<i>Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries</i> .....	MR. HATFIELD
<i>Button Up your Overcoat</i> .....	MR. TUDBALL

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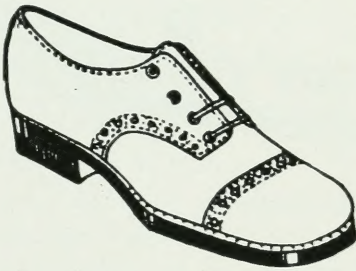
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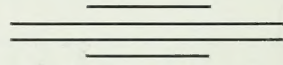


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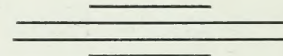
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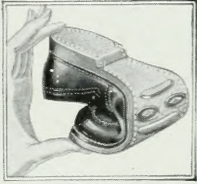
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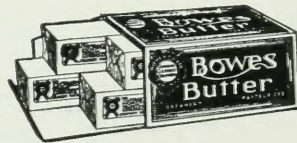
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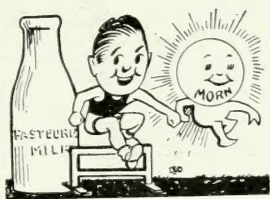
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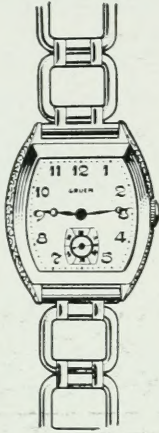
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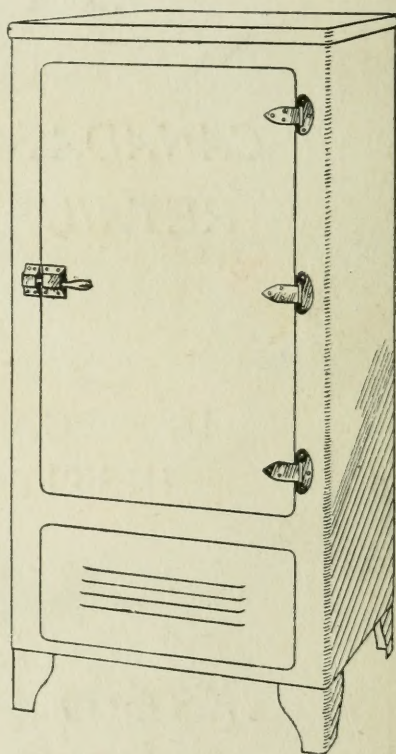
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